FEB. 10, 1947

New Republic

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Letter of the Week

Tokyo Breakdown

SIR:

Tokyo recently witnessed the intriguing sight of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur and his most vociferous supporters simultaneously making the discovery that this "perfect" occupation isn't so perfect after all. The Supreme Commander—as the guarded phrasing of his New Year's Message indicated—has come to doubt whether all here is as jake as his public-relations men have been declaring.

The American conservatives, as usual, admit no doubts. With sturdy self-assurance and a complete disregard of the humor of the situation, they have abruptly changed their theme song without toning down their habitual dogmatism. After eighteen months of ecstatic praise for their occupation and all its works, they are calling upon Heaven to witness their torments.

The reason for the abrupt change of heart is simple. If the announced mass investigation of more than one million Japanese businessmen, public officials and politicians is carried out, it is expected to result in the purging of about 150,000 once eager participants in Tojo's war. Which means stepping—hard—on the toes of some of the friends of the American Right.

Hence predictions of economic chaos; hence accusations of "Hitlerite methods," because the purge order heartlessly authorizes the investigating boards to prevent a purgee from installing his son or brother or other relative in his former job as a stooge; hence laments that because MacArthur is surrounded by radicals and incompetents (for conservative-minded Americans are careful not to attack him directly), the Japanese governing and economic structure is, through the threatened elimination of many of the "best men," in danger of collapse.

All of which is baloney; and the tories may take heart. Even though General MacArthur may be trying to do a

(Continued on page 46)

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 6, ISSUE 1680. NEW YORK CITY. FEBRUARY 10, 1947

News in Focus

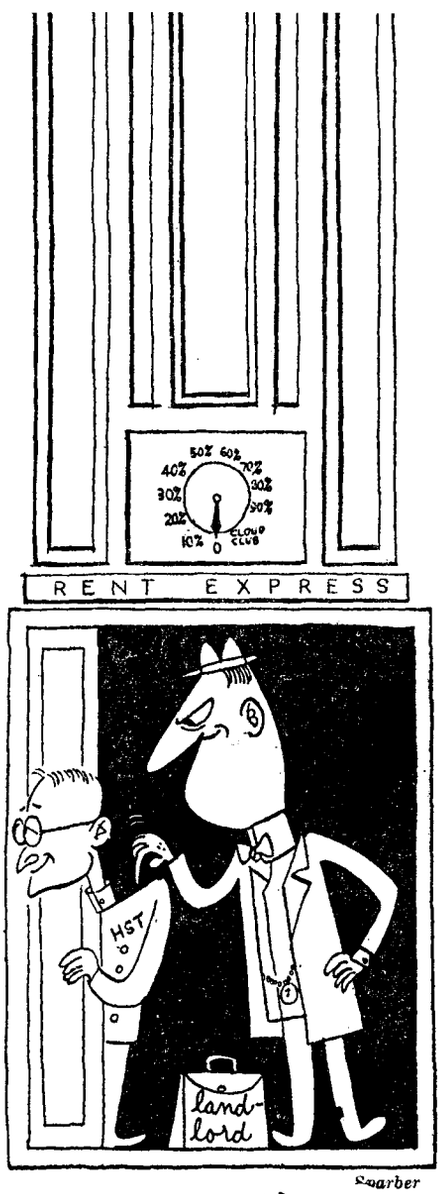
Comedy of Errors

Rent Control

THE rent-control farce in Washington had all the elements of slapstick. Republicans and the landlord lobby held their sides while the Administration collided with itself—full-tilt, head-on and pathetically confused. Congress fondled its made-to-order custard pie and drew a bead on the baggy figure of Major General Philip Fleming, chief of the Office of Temporary Controls. Hapless US tenants, the innocent bystanders, could only scurry from the line of flight.

One afternoon last week—Wild Wednesday—the mimeograph machines of the OTC ("Off They Come") were busily clicking out copies of a 10 percent, across-the-board rent boost. Reporters, well alerted, stood by awaiting release of the order adding $576 million a year to the nation's rent bill. Then abruptly, at 5:39 p.m., the OTC reversed its field: There would be no statement after all. Four minutes later, Presidential Press Secretary Charles Ross broke another piece of news: the whole deal was off. The President, said Ross, had never authorized the 10-percent hike in the first place. The OTC's General Fleming, who had been out of town, hastily returned and ducked into a White House huddle. Emerging grimly, he marched like a good soldier to Capitol Hill for a command performance before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. There Fleming humbly took the rap. He had acted on his own initiative in ordering the increase. He had not heard about the President's oft repeated statements that there would be no across-the-board boost. Fleming said he could see now that it had been a terrible mistake. Senator Charles Tobey (R, N. H.) quoted Samuel Butler: "He that complies against his will, is of the same opinion still."

Jaundiced Washington reporters viewed Fleming's noble sacrifice with ill concealed skepticism. Before the rent order had been issued, Fleming was known to have conferred with Presidential Adviser John Steelman. There had been swelling congressional clamor, encouraged by real-estate lobbyists, for an immediate rent hike. Four GOP Senators had introduced a bill to lift ceilings by 15 percent. The 10-percent concession, if it had gone through, would have been timed to coincide with Senate hearings on the larger demands. Only the week before the mix-up Fleming had been authorized by Truman to relax ceilings in cases where landlords could claim "hardship." Strategic retreat was a familiar Administration maxim.



GOING UP?

How could the Administration's left hand have really been so innocent of the right? News of the OTC's imminent relaxation of controls had leaked generously in advance; if the White House had not heard the rumor, it was practically the only spot in Washington still in the dark. On the morning of Wild Wednesday correspondents were already filing stories about the projected shift in policy. That afternoon CIO President Philip Murray sent a special message to Truman that the increase would have the "gravest effect" on "harmonious" bargaining negotiations. In the midst of this uproar came the White House disclaimer. Might not Harry Truman have muffed his signals? Washington newsmen could recall that it had happened before.

Whatever the reason for the debacle, the situation boded ill for holding the line on rent control. The President, at his weekly press conference, reaffirmed his stand against a general increase. But the Administration had lost face and its embarrassment brought confident smiles to congressional foes of the lid on rents.

Brightening Skies

Labor

THE American Federation of Labor added its ray to the brightening skies of US labor-management relations.

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The year had already dawned promisingly with agreements between CIO steel and auto workers and their employers to extend the force of existing contracts while bargaining over 1947 wages continued; CIO rubber workers had reached a peaceful agreement covering 30,000 employees of the US Rubber Company. Last week President Truman announced that AFL unions and the building and construction industry had gotten together on a plan providing for the voluntary arbitration of disputes (see page 36). The country was getting "closer and closer" to the ideals of free collective bargaining, said the President.

Farewell to Reform

Congress

SENATOR Robert A. Taft's Republican leadership proceeds apace in knocking the props from under the flimsy structure of congressional reform. Having already abandoned the streamlined committee blueprints of the La Follette-Monroney Reorganization Act, the Ohio Senator has now pushed aside plans to improve Congress' chaotic manner of dealing with the nation's economic needs.

In two clear directives last year Congress attempted to remove the blindfolds which mask its view of an orderly and coherent federal budget. The 1946 Employment Act demanded that henceforth a special committee should present a detailed report on the President's annual economic message for the guidance of all other congressional committees. The Reorganization Act envisaged this report as the basis for writing the President's budget recommendations into law. In the past, Congress always followed a piecemeal, haphazard system of appropriations, lacking both responsibility and method.

Last week, in the role of chairman of the special committee on the President's economic message, Taft tossed both directives into the discard. The Employment Act made it mandatory for the special committee to issue its report by February 1. As the deadline approached, Taft announced instead that the President's considered recommendations to Congress had been "controversial" and that it would be "idiotic" for his committee to carry out its statutory obligations. Hopes of reforming the legislative process on financial matters were blithely cast away. The US budget remained exposed to the free-swinging axes of partisan politics and their doughty wielders.

Even more discouraging was the complete surrender of the Democratic minority on Taft's committee to the confession that Congress could not cope with an organized economic program. None, including Senator O'Mahoney (Wyo.) and Representative Patman (Tex.), so much as raised a whisper of protest. At the very least a minority report from the committee's six Democrats might have been expected. There was none.

Their silence was partially explained by the fact that this crucial committee had been barely organized and had not yet been equipped with a working staff. Senator Taft, frantically trying to hold down three legislative-committee chairmanships simultaneously, has been busy with other matters.

Change of Heart

Lobbies

ONLY last summer the dairy industry was weeping in Washington that it wanted no price control and that the dairy subsidies provided by the government in lieu of higher prices were "a sinister curse." Nothing but "free markets" and "free prices" would let the dairy farmer again breathe freely of the American atmosphere, industry representatives told the Decontrol Board in mid-August. We want "no government paymaster in every county in the nation," the dairy lobby said.

The same gentlemen, miraculously recovered from their fear of government subsidies and government interference with free prices, called upon the Secretary of Agriculture last week to suggest that he "support" the price of butter, cheese and other manufactured dairy products. After six months of high flying in the free market, prices had begun to slip. The dairy industry was back in Washington asking the government, in effect, to put back that paymaster in every county in the nation.

The Secretary of Agriculture is already compelled to support dairy prices if they drop to 90 percent of parity. Testifying before the Senate Agriculture Committee, Secretary Anderson agreed with the dairy industry that "that would be no support at all." Dairy prices now are at about 138 percent of parity. Neither the dairymen nor the department would disclose how high the industry wanted prices kept to encourage the production of milk. However, consumers were acting as though butter prices still were too high. Butter had fallen from $1 a pound at retail to the old OPA ceiling of 67 cents, and consumers were not rushing in to buy.

The dairy industry did pretty well for itself for a while after price controls were removed. On July 1, when controls went off, the wholesale price of butter in New York was about 57 cents. By October 10, after a few ups and downs, it hit 88 cents. It slipped a bit from this peak, but by December 9 it was again 87 cents.

About this time, the wholesale price of butter in Chicago began to fall. Ordinarily there is less than a one-cent difference between New York and Chicago prices. But on the day before Christmas the New York price floated high at 83 cents, while the Chicago price hovered around 73 cents. The reason was that the freedom-loving Dairymen's League Cooperative Association had bought 668,060 pounds of butter to keep the price from dropping in New York. By doing so, it prevented a decline in January milk prices, which are linked to butter prices set in the last part of the preceding month. For this performance of rigging the "free" market, a federal court fined the dairymen $25,000 plus a $1,000 fine for each of four officers.

When the dairymen quit their buying, butter prices sagged immediately. By the end of January the wholesale price was ranging around 61 cents. Nevertheless the dairymen's January prices for all their products were 29 percent higher than they had been in January, 1946. Unless the government heeds the pleas of repentant dairymen, and steps in to keep the price of dairy products from falling further, even lower prices may be expected in the flush spring production season.

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Report from Tokyo

by William Costello

TOKYO.—General Douglas MacArthur, known among local gentry as the Yankee Shogun, tested the powers of his shogunate last week and found them good. With a single vigorous statement, he crushed a threatened general strike involving more than six million workers and saved the political scalp of Japan's present conservative cabinet. (See Letter of the Week, page 3.)

The Supreme Commander's avowed intention was to prevent economic chaos in an "impoverished and emaciated" nation. There is no doubt that the action will have this effect. Neither is there any doubt that MacArthur's intervention is generally interpreted here as a move to guide the Japanese economy into orthodox channels controlled by venerable, orthodox Japanese statesmen. In that sense MacArthur's action is a positive expression of American policy in the Far East—basically political rather than administrative.

After weeks of turmoil Japan has a cabinet still headed by Shigeru Yoshida and dominated by Big Business. The introduction of two new faces and shifts in two other cabinet posts is no concession to popular dissatisfaction. The cabinet has moved further toward the Right than before. Yoshida, far from temporizing or appeasing, has actually defied Japanese public feeling. Japan's problems are unsolved. Yoshida himself remains on borrowed time, with the Social Democratic Party and other leftists still clamoring for a fundamental liberalization of policy. Here is why:

When little Mrs. Moto in her ragged *mompei* queues up with neighbors to receive her rice ration at official prices, she pays about 100 yen a bushel. Official rations provide from half to two-thirds of the food. Additional rice must be purchased on the black market—at about 1,500 yen a bushel.

Since Mr. Moto receives wages of only 700 or 800 yen monthly, the family sells extra clothes, furniture and heirlooms to satisfy black-market demands. The Japanese can therefore be pardoned for demanding an average "take-home" pay of 1,500 yen monthly. When the Social Democratic Party allied itself with unions in support of such demands, the Yoshida government proved utterly incapable of meeting the issue. Only MacArthur's eleventh-hour intervention prevented a debacle.

The Japanese people may be politically immature, but they know facts of life. Every time they spend a yen, they realize how closely political and economic policy intertwine. They blandly disregard the fact that Yoshida has the votes in parliament to sustain him. The people blame the government specifically for national mismanagement. They blame the government for collecting only about 140 million bushels of rice out of a 280-million-bushel crop—thus permitting the sale of vast quantities at black-market prices. They blame the government for letting the mines sell coal to the black market instead of allocating it at the mine head at official prices; they also blame the government for not controlling the distribution of lumber, cement, steel, charcoal, fish and hundreds of other critical items.

The people blame the government for closing its eyes to the billions of yen in graft, obtained by contractors working for the occupation forces, and for failure to tax the lush profits of "New Yen Zaibatsu," as the postwar racketeers are known. The farmers are bitter at the failure of the government to increase desperately needed fertilizer production, and the whole nation eyes with dread the 100 billion yen in new currency which rolled off printing presses in the last ten months. Two facts emerge: inflation soars higher every day; and the incomes of workers lag further and further behind prices.

ARTICULATE groups in Japan—and perhaps in a dim way even Mr. and Mrs. Moto—are becoming aware that a nation deprived of its former overseas territories and raw materials can only survive by adopting a managed economy, much as the small nations of Europe have done. Those in power resist such a solution. They still dream of some day dominating the Far East by penetration under the "free-economy" program of the Yoshida cabinet.

Opposing the ruling class are the Social Democratic Party, labor unions and the Communist Party. All are plagued by disunity on tactics, although they agree basically on the program that they want. The labor unions divide along ideological lines. The Japanese Federation of Labor is strongly allied with the right-wing Social Democrats; the Congress of Industrial Unions is strongly influenced by both Communists and left-wing Social Democrats. The Japan Council of Labor Unions is a recent organization with less political astuteness and aggressiveness.

MACARTHUR'S policy has been to tolerate leftism so long as it refrains from violence, but not to encourage anyone in Japan to believe that the US would favor leftist control or radical departures from American forms of democratic capitalism. In practice MacArthur has consistently supported the conservative Yoshida government, even when the cabinet has attempted to sabotage or defy directives aimed at reforms specified in the Potsdam Declaration.

Last week's crisis had its origins in the "October offensive" launched against the cabinet by the Japanese CIU. Encouraged by popular dissatisfaction, the movement gained support in November from other unions and culminated, December 17, in an angry demonstration before the Emperor's palace demanding the election of a new Diet. Labor pressure mounted rapidly after that, causing alarm in the majority parties. Yoshida tried an old political trick—emasculation of the opposition by absorbing it into a coalition. The Social Democrats were canny; they agreed to enter the coalition but only on condition that Yoshida dismiss Finance Minister Tanzan Ishibashi and accept in advance the basic economic program of the Socialists. To show their earnestness, the Social Democrats supported a government workers' plan for a general strike February 1. Yoshida was on the verge of capitulating early last week. Occupation officials had secretly ordered the strike to be called off, but the unions had refused to accept the order unless it were made public. The unions then received two more orders to cancel the strike, both from MacArthur's subordinates, but refused to back down without a public order from either Yoshida or MacArthur himself.

Finally MacArthur was forced to assume responsibility in order to avert a disaster with which Yoshida was utterly unable to cope.

William Costello is the CBS correspondent in Tokyo.

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Slow Death

Press

RELEASING a 72-page report on the slow death of our free, competitive press, Montana's Senator James E. Murray this week reminded the nation that "this is one industry where there is no argument about the direct correlation of economic and political power. . . . Congress confronts no problem more urgent than the preservation of the small press." The report, noting that 77 percent of US weeklies have no local competition and that local monopolies by daily papers doubled from 1910 to 1940, cited these circumstances:

¶ EQUIPMENT. – Composing-room expenses hit small dailies hardest. A paper with 500,000 circulation pays about seven-percent composing costs as compared to a paper of 5,000 circulation, which pays 60 percent. Yet the manufacture of necessary typesetting machines is tightly controlled by only two companies—72 percent of all publishers use linotype machines and 28 percent use intertype. The report suggests an investigation of "possible violation of the anti-trust laws or misuse of patent rights."

¶ FACSIMILE. – Already 34.2 percent of 868 pending applications for the right to transmit news by facsimile have come from the larger newspaper interests. Facsimile, broadcast directly into homes, threatens the future of the small-town press. "Patent and research control need to be watched because of their possible effect on further centralization of communications."

¶ NEWSPRINT. – The paper industry ranks about fifteenth among the most concentrated industrial groups in the US. Larger papers which have been able to acquire interest and ownership of mills in Canada and the US include the New York *Times*, the New York *Daily News*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Milwaukee *Journal* and the Hearst chain. Curtis, McGraw-Hill and Chilton have all moved in on the production of slick paper for magazines. "Large newspapers put the pressure on mills to give them more paper . . . the mills in many cases complied, cutting off small customers whom they considered less desirable."

¶ SYNDICATED FEATURES. – Small papers complain that they are prevented from buying features from certain syndicates because they do not subscribe to their corollary news service. Feature syndicates with ties to news chains or press services are: Associated Press Newsfeatures; King Features, a part of Hearst and INS; United Features and NEA, tied to Scripps-Howard and United Press.

Decision in China

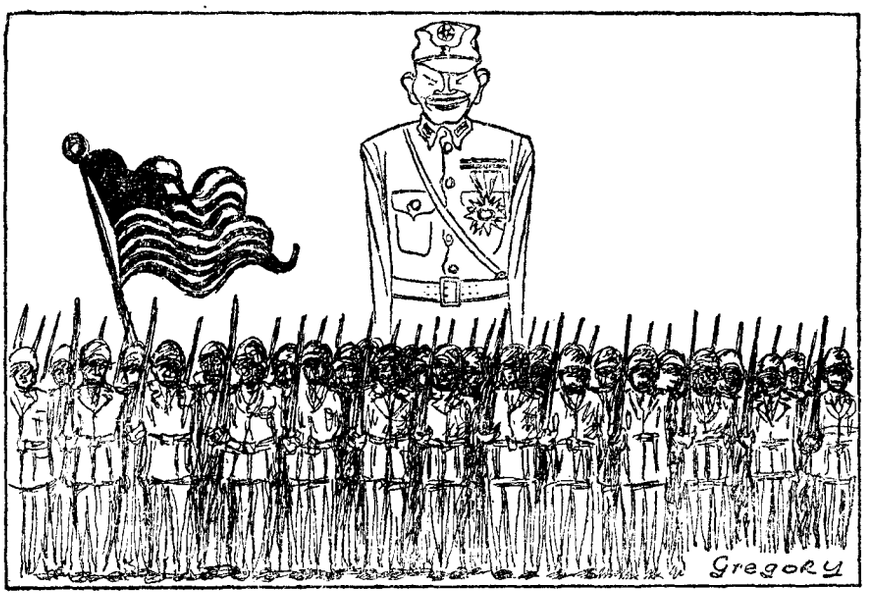
Foreign Affairs

ALTHOUGH Secretary of State George Marshall's dramatic decision on China appears more and more as a half-measure, he is certain to encounter heavy pressure from Capitol Hill for modification of his policy. Senator Arthur Vandenberg (R, Mich.), who was not consulted in advance, sulked silently in his tent after the announcement that the US would terminate its mediation of China's civil war. The Marshall decision without such consultation was entirely proper in the constitutional concept of direction of foreign policy by the White House and State Department. But, for the moment, it dashed Republican aspirations for the formulation of foreign policy by executive-legislative arrangement.

That explains the situation on the day of the China decision. Vandenberg rose on the floor of the Senate to belabor the record with a long panegyric for State Department policy on Poland, but remained conspicuously silent on the more immediate, and perhaps more important, China problem. The Republican Nestor on foreign policy may break his silence on China later. Few in Washington believe that he is satisfied with Marshall's decision to abandon mediation, call home the Marines and end this country's connection with the executive headquarters at Peiping, which was "supervising" a nonexistent and impossible truce.

Marshall will need iron nerves to carry out his decision, even though it by no means represents a total withdrawal of the US from China. He will be harried on the one side by pressure from Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang, no mean propagandists in their own behalf. And, on the other hand, he will feel the pressure growing out of congressional misgivings during the chaos of an intensified civil war.

Under such circumstances, it will be a remarkable and monumental accomplishment if the soldier-secretary can actually keep hands off the developing Chinese situation. The hands-off formula may be rendered the more difficult if the initial repercussions seem to strengthen the Communists. It is assumed that the first reaction will be to weaken the moral prestige of the Kuomintang and facilitate operations of guerrillas in attacking coal mines and rail centers previously guarded by detachments of US Marines.



GENERALISSIMO . . .

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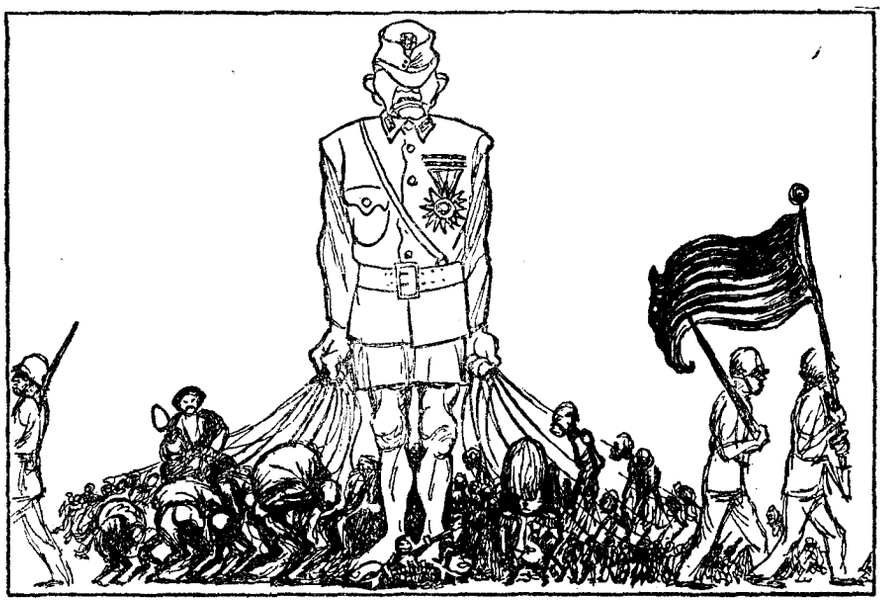
On the balance sheet, however, Marshall and the State Department have far from abandoned China completely. This country, apparently, still intends to maintain its military mission at Nanking through which US soldiers are instructing Kuomintang forces in the niceties of twentieth-century warfare. Also, there is no indication that the US will abandon its training school at Tsingtao, where the Navy has contracted to instruct Nationalist cadets in the science of sea warfare. Backing up this instruction course, the Navy has made no announcement to indicate that it intends to revise the plan which bases the US Seventh Fleet at Tsingtao.

This hardly justified the fears of some congressmen that in calling home the Marines Marshall is creating a vacuum in China which Russia will occupy by default. These details make it clear that while Marshall has shifted tactics realistically, he has not shifted the basic American strategy of maintaining a constant and long-range interest in China.

Economically, the squeeze may continue on Chiang to a limited extent. The $500 million export-import loan, earmarked for the Nationalist government, is still being dangled before his eyes. But it is unlikely that any part of this much needed dollar advance will be released until and unless the Generalissimo makes some positive and convincing demonstration that the reactionary domination of his government is being relaxed.



. . . CHIANG

Soviet Politics

Moscow

AFTER weeks of agitation by the Soviet press and radio, the "election campaigns" for deputies to the Supreme Soviets of the 16 Soviet Republics are winding up. The elections, which occur next week, hardly follow an American definition of the word. Only a single list of candidates is presented in each voting area—a list made up of a "bloc of Communists and non-party people." But Soviet citizens take the event completely seriously.

Campaign literature has been distributed from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the new Soviet area of Kaliningrad to the new Soviet area of southern Sakhalin. Almost every street corner has been lavishly decorated by the Agitpusat, a precinct committee charged with getting out the vote. Thousands of factory meetings and nominating rallies have been held. Campaign speeches are campaign speeches, even in Russia. Many have been as devoid of specific content as those back home; others, however, have been careful and valid appraisals of the new five-year plan and the country's serious economic problems. Of all top Soviet leaders, Vyacheslav Molotov placed second in popularity on the nominating lists because, it was explained, of his "success in carrying out Stalin's foreign policy."

The whole list of candidates offers a revealing cross-section of the Soviet social structure. In addition to present members of the government, whose names are household words and who are renominated as a matter of course, the nominees include such figures as the best female motorman of the Moscow subway, Stakhanovites of the big industrial plants, successful collective farmers, scientists, architects and one Alexandra Cherkassova, who started the "rebuild-Stalingrad-by-hand" movement. Soviet politics has also attracted the nominations of musician Dmitri Shostakovich, poet Alexei Surkov, writers Vanentin Kataev and Boris Gorbatov, and the country's best known film actor, Nikolai Cherkasov.

Flickering Freedom

Mediterranean

AT opposite ends of the Mediterranean, harried politicians grappled wth the key postwar issue of Southern Europe: Would democracy survive the wake of Axis conquest?

Hopes for eventual restoration of the 1931 Republican Franco Spain were dimmed by the downfall of the Giral government-in-exile. Aging Republican Giral, stubborn opponent of any compromise that might bring monarchy back to Spain, was forced out of office when Catholic Socialists and right-wing trade unionists withdrew their support from his Paris cabinet. Five resigning ministers demanded formation of a government which would "count on not only Republican forces but all anti-Franco groups."

Upholding Giral, President Clerico of the exile Cortes (parliament) retorted: "We are the keepers of the freely expressed will of the people, and we must keep this trust until the people with a restored republic may express its will again." Communist Minister Carillo agreed: broaden the government to the Right, he said, but draw the line at monarchists. Basque, Catalan and Galician ministers were equally intransigent, as were Juan Negrin's left-wing Socialists. The latter, however, are outside the government.

Opposing Giral were forces without which he could not exist, notably the majority rightist bloc in the Socialist Party and its strong labor arm in Spain's

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UGT (Union Generale de Trabajadores). Giral's critics claimed he had been unable to draw real support from the United Nations. They argued that only perfunctory action against Franco had been taken by the UN General Assembly, and that even this had lacked the backing of the US. They pointed out what the New York *Times* had described as the "vigorous opposition" of the US and Britain to the stronger anti-Franco measures that had been proposed in subcommittee. Bolstering their argument was a UN survey last week on the response of UN member nations to the General Assembly resolution recommending withdrawal of diplomatic chiefs from Spain. Four nations said that they were still undecided and 12 had not replied. Argentina had just dispatched a new ambassador to Madrid. Taking its cue, El Salvador indicated it would also disregard the resolution. Observed Paris radio commentator Benazet, "The atmosphere favors appeasement."

From London, Berne and Madrid came hints of a formula for Spain that would reportedly satisfy the Western powers: Franco would retire in favor of a monarchist-republican coalition, with or without the pretender, Don Juan, at its head, and the coalition would hold a plebiscite to determine the future regime.

The solidly monarchist generals of Spain were said to approve such a scheme. Indalecio Prieto, right-wing Socialist leader now in Mexico, had indicated he would not oppose it. But Giral supporters denounced it as a "face-lifting for Franco." A spokesman explained their position:

"We are willing to have a plebiscite. But a Republican government must administer it. The Spanish people created a republic in 1931, and reaffirmed it in the 1936 elections; to deny that it still exists would be to legalize the Franco coup. We saw what happened in Greece, where the people were certainly anti-monarchist after the war but were bludgeoned into taking King George back. We don't want to be another Greece."

Ironically, in Greece last week it was fear of becoming "another Spain" that was being voiced. But in Greece, liberals were on the offensive. Octogenarian Liberal Party leader Sophoulis refused to join a new "national unity" government patched together by Royalist Tsaldaris; he delivered a broadside against Tsaldaris' "mass arrests of citizens and deportations of thousands upon thousands, mostly innocent." Demanding a new and more tolerant approach to the outlawed EAM coalition—whose political ally he automatically became, since all other parties are in the government—Sophoulis declared: "Defenseless people, exhausted by unspeakable ordeals and a total lack of security, can no longer tolerate such a situation."

Sophoulis had spoken up unexpectedly once before, when, on the eve of Greece's British-sponsored elections last March, he announced as premier that "conditions for a free election do not exist." This time he was echoed by ex-Finance Minister Rendis, who said: "The Populist (Royalist) Party has persecuted every opponent, by calling them all Communists. We can see how large is the number of DP's and labor battalions and soldiers daily deported to Crete. Most of them are liberals, sent to Crete for political reasons." Tactics of the government's "fanatically factional" security forces, charged Liberal Rendis, have "filled the countryside with partisans who are not Communists."

Big Three

Advertising

AMERICANS smoked feverishly in the first year of peace. Cigarette sales were up 20 percent over 1945 and 56.3 percent over prewar levels. Control of the US market was concentrating, too, at a feverish pace. Statistician Harry M. Wooten, in an analysis for *Printers' Ink*, estimated that tobacco's Big Three—Lucky Strike, Camel and Chesterfield—last year sold all but 16.1 percent of cigarettes smoked by US consumers. Wooten quoted fears of smaller manufacturers that soon the Big Three "would be the only ones left in business."

Advertising agencies cheered the trend. The New York *World-Telegram* reported that "ad sleuths are well aware of the reason for the results; the leaders turn out to be the three heaviest and most consistent advertisers." Lucky Strike, tops in sales, spent $3 million during a three-month campaign last summer which bought space in every English-language daily newspaper in the US. The pamphlet *In Fact*, which sells no advertising, accused newspapers of suppressing the information that "tobacco firms which spend millions boasting of a superior brand are fooling the people."

In Fact cited Federal Trade Commission records indicating that Luckies, tops in sales, were not really "toasted" and that the "independent tobacco experts" mentioned in Lucky Strike ads sometimes turned out not to be in the tobacco business at all. "American Tobacco Company sent agents into the field, held out a carton of Luckies and asked, 'Do you smoke Luckies?' Naturally, the answer was 'yes'." FTC investigators also reported that the American Tobacco Company paid no more for tobacco than the makers of any other of the big brands.

Wooten's findings noted a tremendous slump in the 1946 sales of brands with small advertising budgets. Chelsea and Rameses, which sold more than four billion cigarettes apiece during the wartime shortage in 1945, were down to sales of only one billion each. "Competition below the three largest sellers," Wooten discovered, "experienced perhaps its greatest temporary dislocation since the Turkish cigarettes were jettisoned 30 years ago. . . . As smart, mediocre or innocuous advertising unfolds behind the various brands this year, we may see an even more significant change in competition."

White Primary

Georgia

AS GOOD as his word, Georgia's would-be Governor Herman Talmadge sent a white-primary bill along to the legislature which last month obligingly voted him the state's highest office. The Georgia house of representatives passed the measure, 133 to 62. Commented the Atlanta *Journal*: "The bill would convert the Democratic Party into a private political club, unaccountable to the commonwealth and subject in fact, if not in theory, to the rule of one man or one small group of politicians."

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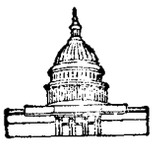
Washington Wire



Our Airborne President

HARRY TRUMAN, the dapper little man who is President of the United States, is flying down to Mexico City soon for a brief visit. He will make a quick, one-stop trip back, halting merely to pick up an honorary degree from Baylor University, which originally wanted to honor him in the fall of 1945 but ultimately didn't because it was charged that he gambled and drank. The university had been all set to give him the degree of Doctor of Laws, but the Baptist General Convention of Texas adopted a resolution urging it not to, because of the President's "reported attitude." Baylor University, as you may have guessed, is a Baptist institution. Perhaps the Texans have decided by now Truman isn't such a rake after all; perhaps their change of heart represents the higher prestige which the conscientious, hard-working Chief Executive has achieved, paradoxically enough, after being soundly drubbed in the last election.

What we started to talk about, however, was the flying trip itself. The plane carrying the newspapermen leaves about half an hour before the Sacred Cow. The latter's engines are souped up a bit, however, and it overtakes the press plane. During the trip the reporters are occasionally able to see the President's plane which they are "covering" and there is telephonic communication between the pilots. Presumably, if Truman had a hot news tip he could telephone it over to the reporters.

The reporters spend their time in the air wondering what they would do if the Sacred Cow cracked up. It is a professional problem that can't be ignored, no matter how much they like Truman personally. In fact, about the only reason reporters tail the Cow is to be on hand If Something Happens. Correspondents show an understandable reluctance to discuss this aspect, because it sounds so ghoulish. But they have to admit that, as a news story, it would be a beaut. They figure they would have a fifty-fifty chance of getting to the crash before anybody else did. What they would try to do in an accident is to get their own plane to force-land, commandeer an auto, and then speed hell-for-leather to the spot.

EVERY now and then in the hearings last week Senator McKellar (D, Tenn.) would ask Gordon Clapp, the exceedingly able engineer picked by Truman to succeed Lilienthal as chairman of the TVA, whether he was a Communist. Clapp always said "no." One of the McKellar witnesses before the Senate committee which is considering Clapp's confirmation offered as evidence of another TVA executive's radicalism that he went around recommending Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. Everybody knew that was a Communist book, he commented.

As to Kenneth McKellar, you have to see him to believe him. He looks a good deal like the late W. C. Fields and might be Hollywood's idea of a caricature of a Senator. He has a shock of brown hair hardly touched with white and parted over from the right side of the head, watery eyes behind rimless spectacles, elderly, mottled face, and he sits slumped in his chair with his head pushed forward. We have no desire to ridicule age, but perhaps a good deal is explained in the fact that McKellar celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday last week. It is a strange and rather disturbing sight: here is the presumably venerable former speaker pro tem of the Senate, honored by his colleagues, who is vindictively busy going from one Senate committee to another denouncing first Clapp and then Lilienthal (up for confirmation as head of the all-powerful new Atomic Energy Commission), because they are Reds and, second, don't get on with the Crump machine. Maybe Senators ought to retire at 75.

WE ALSO watched Representative Fred A. Hartley (R, N. J.) last week, the man who is preparing the House omnibus labor bill all in one package for later presentation. He is chairman of the Labor Committee and you will be hearing a good deal about him shortly. He has a red face, a small, neatly clipped pink mustache, wavy reddish hair, snapping black eyes behind glasses, and he wears a Legion pin like Truman's. The cigar between his middle and fourth fingers seems to be a permanent fixture. We got the impression of a small, rather youngish, efficient man, very sharply in focus, who knows exactly what he wants and is going after it.

His particular object at the moment is slap-'em-down labor legislation, and there seems no question that the House will give it to him, with a whoop and a holler. Hartley's problem however, is twofold—to get something that the House can pass over Truman's veto, and particularly to get something that the Senate will also pass over a veto. The Hartley omnibus bill is timed to get to the floor about mid-March, on the theory that the public will be all upset then over whether John L. Lewis is going to pull out his miners on the April 1 strike deadline. Actually, tempers are cooling somewhat over strikes and labor problems in the nation, though this is not likely to affect Chairman Hartley much.

If our guess is at all correct, Congress, in the long run, will have a lot more to worry about over the farm situation than the labor situation. In a year or so there are going to be tremendous farm surpluses, subsidized by federal dollars; but neither the Republicans nor the Democrats want to take the responsibility of telling the farmers so, or of suggesting the almost inevitable necessity of production controls. This situation ought to come to a nice head just in time for the 1948 election.

Washington T. R. B.

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The Jungle's Victory

by David Richardson

A billion dollars and sweating, dying men built the Burma Road, today a trail of ruins, ruts and creeping vines

LATE the other evening I got to talking with a man in a bar over on Third Avenue. His eyes were a bit glassy and his voice was thick and pretty soon he began to talk about the war. "I was in Italy," he said, "mostly Cassino. Toughest theatre in the war. All we did week after week was wallow around in the muck and dodge them goddam 88's. We were in the forgotten theatre. Nobody ever heard about us."

"Well," I said, "Ernie Pyle and Bill Mauldin did pretty well by you, not to mention a book called *A Walk in the Sun*, which—"

"Say, listen," he glared at me, "just where in hell were you? In some fur-lined foxhole with the rest of the USO Commandos?"

Third Avenue gets nice and quiet along about midnight, except when the El goes rumbling overhead. I left the bar, threw away my cigarette, yanked up my coat collar against the wind and headed uptown. What I needed, I decided, was a good walk. And that struck me funny—wanting to take a walk, I mean. Because there was a time, a couple of years ago, when I swore I'd never walk another step in my life. That is, if I lived to be a civilian again and if I had the dough to grab a taxi.

That was in Burma. That was when I was with Merrill's Marauders. Mostly it was during the last 100 miles or so of that 700-mile hike from Ledo to Myitkyina, when our shoulders were raw from pack sores and we were gaunt and wobbly and had been on K rations for one month too long. Of the 2,800 who had started as volunteers on this mission behind the Jap lines a couple of months before, there were only a few hundred of us left. Some had been clipped by the Japs; others had been evacuated with malaria or dysentery or just plain fatigue. And the scrub typhus had just caught up with us.

Scrub typhus was tough. One day a man would be okay, slogging along through the jungles, cussing Stilwell and offering to trade his fruit bar and powdered coffee for a cheese and a powdered chocolate. And the next he would suddenly collapse with a 104° fever and go blind and start turning black. When a man got it, we gave him pills, tried to keep him warm and started digging another hole. Usually he died quickly and we would leave him under a little rustic cross. "The lousy thing about it," someone said, "is that they gotta die after walking 600 miles. If they was gonna die, why the hell couldn't it of been way back at Walawbum or Inkangahtawng?"

By this time our mules were so beat up from all those miles, and specially from that 6,000-foot climb up the Naura Hyket Pass, that they began dropping right and left. When they dropped, we wanted to shoot them and end their misery. But we couldn't, because we were a good 70 miles behind Jap lines and someone might have heard us. So we just loosened their pack saddles to make them more comfortable and said goodbye. And we took the mortar shells and radios off their saddles and carried them ourselves.

It was rough in Burma, all right. We used to ask our officers what we were doing in the CBI. They said it was all to build a road. There were airplanes running the Hump, one every five minutes, carrying cargo to China, but they weren't enough. China had to have a road through the blockade—so we had to drive the Japanese out of the jungle, and the engineers would follow us down with a new road from Ledo until the old Burma Road was open again. We were a year and half doing it. Every once in a while when our air-drop parachutes floated down with more K rations and Grade B cigarettes, there were some copies of the CBI *Roundup*. The *Roundup* was our theatre newspaper. We used to read in it of thousand-plane raids over Berlin, of huge carrier task forces approaching the Philippines, or massive invasion convoys spilling out divisions of men upon the beaches of Normandy or Saipan. That, we thought, was really war. But this?

Death of an air strip

A FEW months ago, while I was sitting in New Delhi pondering the complexities of Indian politics, the opportunity presented itself for me to make a special return trip to Assam and Burma to see the Hump airfields and the Ledo Road and the old battlefields once more. I had too many memories not to go. . . .

For more than two years, Chabua airport in Northern Assam Province, India, had been the main western terminus on the Hump run to China. Month after month it was the busiest airport in the world. No sooner did a plane take off or land, day or night, than another was rolling down the runway. In the sky overhead, planes wheeled slowly at different altitudes, circling like huge vul-

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Two years ago this week, the Japanese blockade of China was ended by the reopening of the Burma Road. David Richardson, who had covered the Burma war as a Yank *correspondent with Merrill's Marauders, rode the first convoy over the road to China. In 1946 he returned as a foreign correspondent for* Time *magazine to revisit the road and the old battlefields.*

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tures as they waited their turn to land or climbed to tackle the snow-capped Himalayas on another trip across the Hump. All over the field there were planes being fueled or overhauled or loaded up for points in China. There were C-54, C-46 and C-47 transports. There were converted B-24's carrying gasoline for Chennault's 14th Air Force. And there were shark-nosed P-51 fighters and glass-nosed B-25 bombers.

Between twenty and thirty thousand men had been stationed in upper Assam, air-feeding cargo to China. The heart of the Hump was the operations shack on the air strip at Chabua. It was a close, smelly room, full of sweat and men, men dressed in their fleece-lined flying clothes, elbowing and shoving each other in turmoil. In the crowded Operations Office, pilots and navigators pored over weather reports with the intensity of doom. On the backs of their leather jackets were sewn American flags and Chinese characters, just in case they should by some double miracle not only be alive after going down over the Hump but also discover any human beings existing up there in the mountains and the wind and the snow.

And now the war was over and I was back on Chabua air strip. This time I didn't have to fight my way through a crowd when I walked into Operations Office. When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the big room, I discovered there was only one other person in the place. He was sitting in a corner, typing.

Among the missing

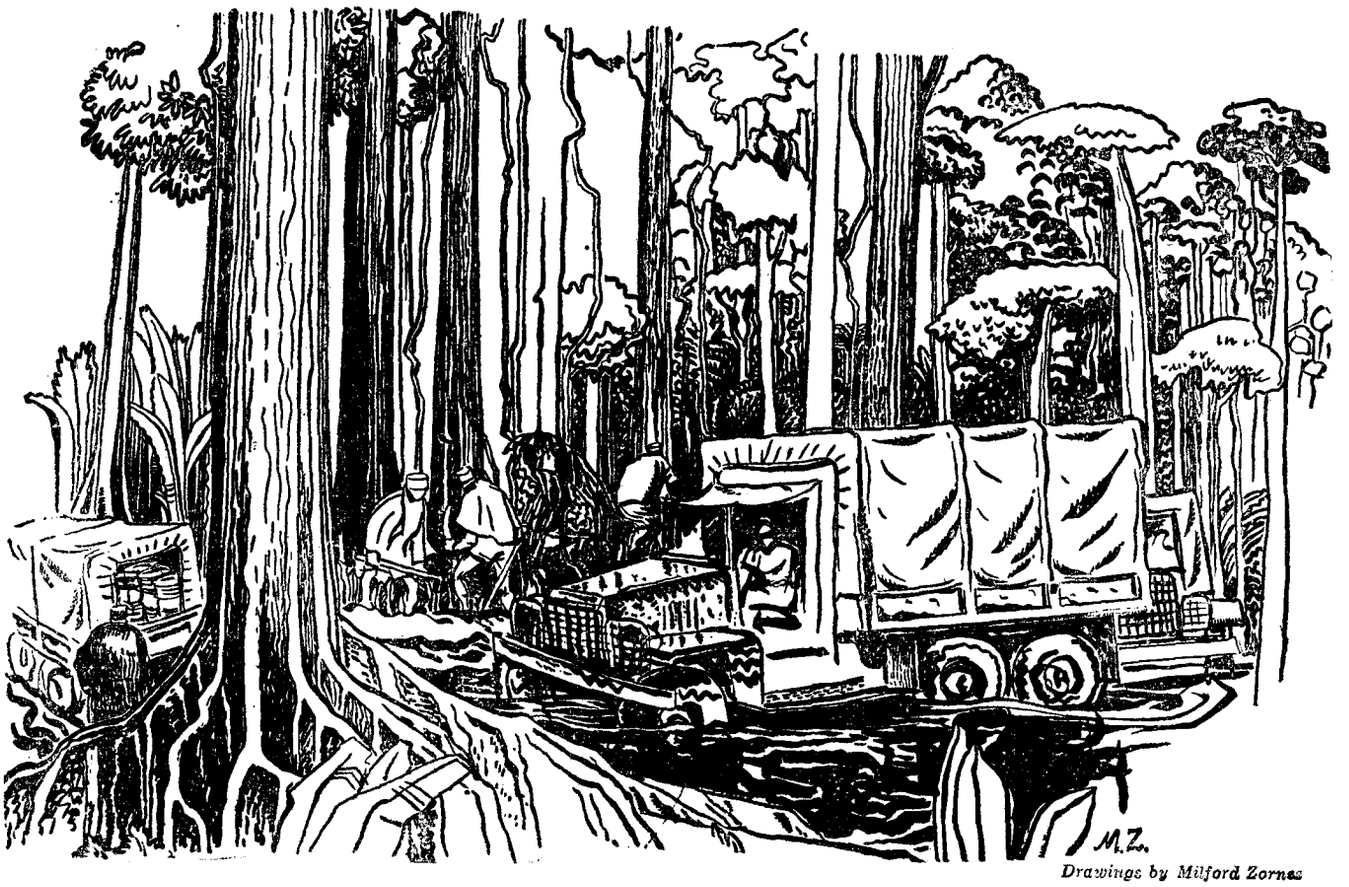
"HOWDY," he said, getting up and coming toward me. His voice echoed through the room. "You the one wants to fly to Myitkyina?" I said yes and asked where the pilot was. "Oh, I'm the pilot," he said, "also the CO, Adjutant, Operations Officer, Special Service Officer and everything else. We're closing things up, you know."

Outside, I looked across the broad concrete runways and taxiways and dispersal areas. There was a single plane —a battered old C-47—on the whole field.

The sky above was empty and silent. The captain hailed a sergeant. "Dick," he said, "will you go out in the jeep and shoo those cows off the strip?" And there in the middle of what was once the world's busiest airport was a herd of water buffalo.

A couple of others climbed into the plane with us and soon we were bouncing down the runway past the empty control tower and rising to head for Burma. The man next to me, it turned out, was in a Graves Registration Unit. "That's what we use this plane for nowadays, mostly," he said, "to pick up the bodies. We've had guys down below there for months hunting for graves and crashes. When they find them, they get them to the nearest air strip and we fly them to Calcutta so's they can be sent back to the States. There's still more than a thousand bodies somewhere between Assam and China which we still ain't found. But they're coming in slowly."

Down below us now as we droned across the wet, green Naga Hills, we could make out a slender thread of yellow which coiled back and forth through the mountains like an endless snake. That was the Ledo Road. That was the main object of the whole north Burma campaign begun by Stilwell in 1943. That was what we had built at a cost of pretty nearly a billion dollars and God knows how many



Drawings by Milford Zornes

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lives. It wasn't completed until February, 1945—only six months before the Tokyo Bay surrender.

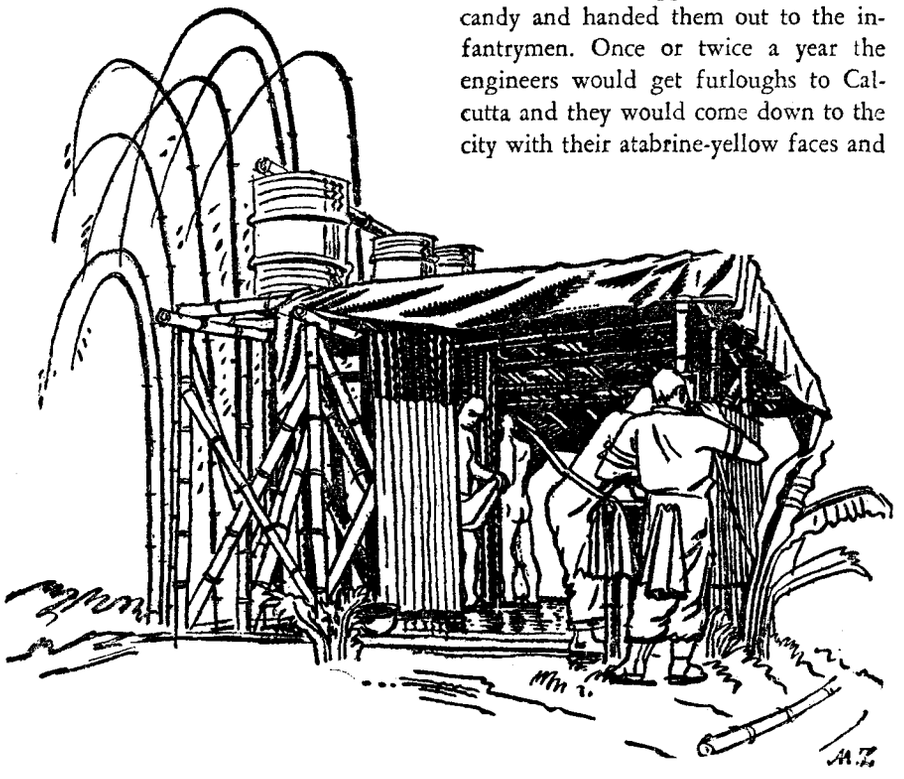
"Know what the British around here are calling it now?" asked the Graves Registration man. His face had darkened. "They're calling it the White Elephant Road. . . ."

Heartbreak Road

"THE ROAD," we used to call it. The public-relations officers were variously drumming up support for such names as Stilwell Road and Pick's Pike (*Pick being the general in charge of* construction), but to those of us who had lived with it through the fighting and the malaria and the monsoons, it was always just The Road. When we GI's did call it anything else, it was usually after a bridge had washed out or a landslide had blocked it or we had completed another trip over it and were coated with thick red dust. At such times, it was The —— Road, and the missing word wasn't "heartbreak."

But it was full of heartbreak, this broad gravel highway hacked out of the tangled jungle and the sides of mountain cliffs. Especially during the monsoons, when the engineers had to forget about further construction and spend all their time just repairing and saving what they had already built. Avalanches, sinkholes and washouts kept them busy all summer—when they weren't back in 20th General Hospital at Ledo with malaria—and their trucks and bulldozers kept getting mired over the hubs. After the 1944 monsoons, the engineers had but one boast: they had not been able to build any more of the road that summer, but they *had* succeeded in not losing any more than a few feet of it. Success was measured by feet in the Burma jungles, not in hundreds or thousands of miles of reconquest as it was in Europe and the Pacific.

The engineers used to work in shifts so that construction went on 24 hours a day. At night it would continue under giant lights. And the engineers, several battalions of them Negro, would leapfrog each other as they finished one stretch and went on to another, building a new camp every few months. They were nice guys, too. When the Marauders came walking up The Road before going behind Jap lines, the engineers in camp after camp got out their long hoarded little supplies of beer and candy and handed them out to the infantrymen. Once or twice a year the engineers would get furloughs to Calcutta and they would come down to the city with their atabrine-yellow faces and rumpled, ill fitting uniforms and look awkward and ill at ease walking the pavements alongside the plump, starched rear-echelon GI's.



Then there were the Ledo Road drivers. Most of them were Negroes. All day and all night they kept their convoys of big, heavily loaded trucks barreling out from Ledo to Shinbiwang or Shaduzup or Mogaung or Bhamo—or finally to Kunming. To them, each convoy was a *mission*, just as though they were flying the Hump. They painted gaudy names and pictures on their trucks, just as though they were planes. And their trucks thundered along at high speed, headlights on to penetrate the dust of the truck ahead or chains clanking in the gummy mud. Occasionally a truck would skid off a cliff or into a river. But not so often as to slow anyone else down.

The jungle takes over

AS SOON as our plane landed in Burma, I set out to see The Road. "You can't see much of it, old chap," a British officer told me. "The last monsoons did it in. Almost all the big bridges are out and the landslides have finished it in the mountains. We don't have any engineers to speak of in this part of Burma, you know, so I guess your road is through forever."

When had the last trucks rolled the road, I wanted to know. Oh, some Indian army trucks had made the 400-mile run from Myitkyina to Ledo before the monsoons in 1946. They were the last —the bridges had washed out after them and the surface had potholed. The jungle was reclaiming its own. A few American seven-ton trucks were being used by some Chinese as commercial buses for a short stretch south of Myitkyina. Otherwise The Road was dead, all dead.

The British officer offered to drive me as far as he could on The Road in both directions.

Just 18 miles south of Myitkyina, the

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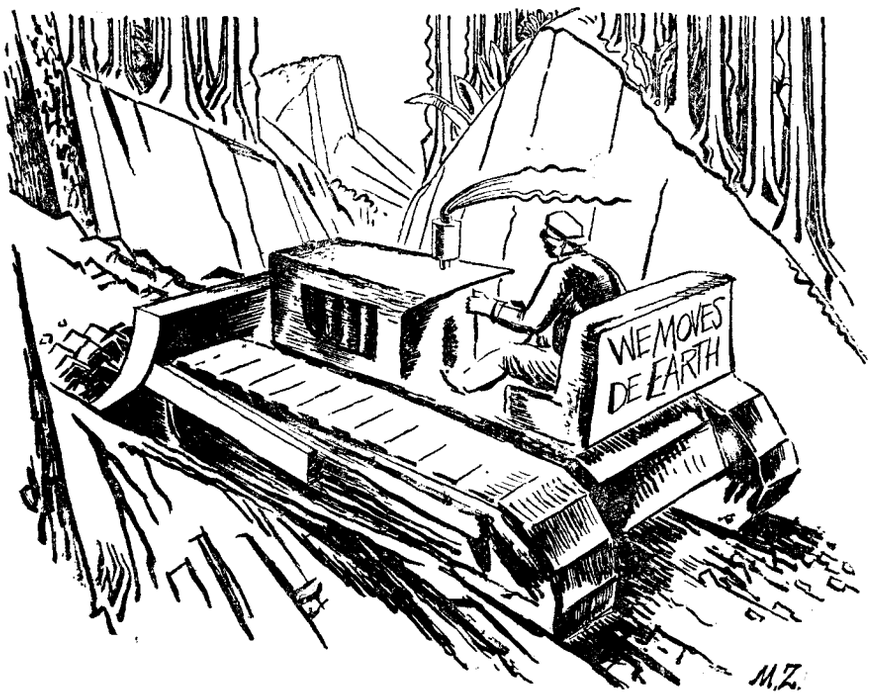
engineers had spent nine months alone building the longest pontoon bridge in the world. Each of its pontoons was bigger than the LCT's that used to carry tanks in Pacific invasions. The monsoon torrents had ripped it apart and what was left of it was clinging to both shores of the river—as much of it as hadn't floated on down the churning Irrawaddy.

A sign goes down

BACK in the hills on the other side of Myitkyina, the jungle, like a selfish woman, was stretching its green fingers out to take back The Road that had once been part of it. Creepers and weeds were already ankle-high across sections of the highway. In other places, the vegetation came drooping down from overhead. Where The Road had been graded, the rains had washed so much of the earth away that there were large bites in The Road, looking as if they had been made by some giant dinosaur. Erosion had set in, deeply rutting miles of the highway, splitting it open like an earthquake. High up, I could see where landslides had almost completely erased the thin, man-made scar on the mountainsides.

Here and there along The Road was the rusting skeleton of a seven-ton truck or a bulldozer. Or the disordered remains of a GI camp, with the basketball hoops and backboards still up, or the benches of the outdoor movie theatre row on row, or a weathered sign that once was bright red and white, saying "331st Engineers (Heavy)." As our jeep started back toward Myitkyina, we passed a line of six bullock carts, heaped with vegetables and grain, heading, at their snail's pace, toward the city bazaar. Driving the unwieldy carts were some sleepy Shans in white turbans and checked-skirted *longyis*. Farther on, padding along beside The Road, were several dozen Kachin women, all carrying bright umbrellas to shield them from the hot afternoon sun, all in the same tight white bodices and blue skirts. They looked at our jeep curiously and, I thought, with a little resentment, as it kicked up a cloud of dust. Once a jeep on The Road was a common sight; now we felt like interlopers.



It was nearly dusk when we got back to Myitkyina, and I remembered other dusks when chow call would be clanging and the GI's would be rushing to get into line with tinkling mess kits. For a moment I thought the GI's were still there—GI uniforms were all over the place. But I had only to look at the faces, some bronze, some slant-eyed and some dark, to realize that they belonged to the Kachins and Karens and Indians and Shans and Chinese and Burmans—the peacetime citizens of what was once the greatest of all American bases in Burma. They had bought not only GI uniforms, but also practically everything else the US Army had decided to sell here. Our old QM dump had been sold, lock, stock and barrel, to an Indian merchant firm. Now it was selling the goods retail at several times their cost. The Army ice and power plants had been taken over by the city and were being run as municipal projects. No one had troubled to pull down the GI signs all over town, and so there were still gaudy mementos of the "96th Ordnance," "Pentagon Building," "81st Fighter Control Squadron" and "Monsoon Manor."

But one sign *had* come down. The only reason I noticed it was that it used to stand like a sentinel on a little mound of earth at the Myitkyina junction to The Road. To us GI's it had somehow epitomized all we had done in this God-forsaken wilderness 15,000 miles from home. For it marked the junction of the bloodiest battle of the Burma war and the chief objective for which it was fought—the first land route in history from India to China. And it bore the names of such places as Calcutta, New York, Ledo, London, Tokyo, Kunming and San Francisco, each with its mileage after it in bold figures. As bold as though this junction were the new crossroads of the world.

Well, that big sign didn't stand there any more. No one pulled it down, either. It had been toppled over by the monsoons. Now it lay face down in the mud.

I stood there and looked at it for a while and didn't even bother to turn it over and look at its face. . . .

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Old Man River Had a Union Card

by Mark Twain

After the Mississippi pilots organized, times got better, wages went up and everybody rated a high-class funeral

As the nation sits in audience on a public forum of overfed congressmen and overpaid editors sounding warnings about the dangers and miseries of "labor monopoly," the *New Republic* presents this inside story of a closed-shop union which was born and thrived almost a hundred years before the Dies Committee was around to call it Communist.

The story of the pilots' union is taken from Mark Twain's book, *Life on the Mississippi,* published in 1883. It is reprinted by special permission of Harper and Brothers.

HAVING now set forth in detail the nature of the science of piloting, and likewise described the rank which the pilot held among the fraternity of steamboatmen, this seems a fitting place to say a few words about an organization which the pilots once formed for the protection of their guild. It was curious and noteworthy in this—that it was perhaps the compactest, the completest and the strongest commercial organization ever formed among men.

For a long time wages had been $250 a month; but curiously enough, as steamboats multiplied and business increased, the wages began to fall little by little. It was easy to discover the reason of this. Too many pilots were being "made." It was nice to have a "cub," a steersman, to do all the hard work for a couple of years, gratis, while his master sat on a high bench and smoked; all pilots and captains had sons or nephews who wanted to be pilots. By and by it came to pass that nearly every pilot on the river had a steersman. When a steersman had made an amount of progress that was satisfactory to any two pilots in the trade, they could get a pilot's license for him by signing an application directly to the United States Inspector. Nothing further was needed; usually no questions were asked, no proofs of capacity required.

VERY WELL, this growing swarm of new pilots presently began to undermine the wages in order to get berths. Too late — apparently — the knights of the tiller perceived their mistake. Plainly, something had to be done, and quickly; but what was to be the needful thing? A close organization. Nothing else would answer. To compass this seemed an impossibility; so it was talked and talked and then dropped. It was too likely to ruin whoever ventured to move in the matter. But at last about a dozen of the boldest—and some of them the best—pilots on the river launched themselves into the enterprise and took all the chances. They got a special charter from the legislature, with large powers, under the name of the Pilots' Benevolent Association; elected their officers, completed their organization, contributed capital, put "association" wages up to $250 at once—and then retired to their homes, for they were promptly discharged from employment. But there were two or three unnoticed trifles in their by-laws which had the seeds of propagation in them. For instance, all idle members of the association, in good standing, were entitled to a pension of $25 per month. This began to bring in one straggler after another from the ranks of the new-fledged pilots, in the dull (summer) season. Better have $25 than starve; the initiation fee was only $12, and no dues required from the unemployed.

Also, the widows of deceased members in good standing could draw $25 per month, and a certain sum for each of their children. Also, the said deceased would be buried at the association's expense. These things resurrected all the superannuated and forgotten pilots in the Mississippi Valley. They came from farms, they came from interior villages, they came from everywhere. They came on crutches, on drays, in ambulances—any way, so they got there. They paid in their $12, and straightway began to draw out $25 a month and calculate their burial bills.

BY AND BY all the useless, helpless pilots, and a dozen first-class ones, were in the association, and nine-tenths of the best pilots out of it and laughing at it. It was the laughingstock of the whole river. Everybody joked about the by-laws requiring members to pay 10 percent of their wages, every month, into the treasury for the support of the association, whereas all the members were outcast and tabooed, and no one would employ them. Everybody was derisively grateful to the association for taking all the worthless pilots out of the way and leaving the whole field to the excellent and the deserving; and everybody was not only jocularly grateful for that, but for a result which naturally followed, namely, the gradual advance of wages as the busy season approached.

Wages had gone up from the low figure of $100 a month to $125, and in some cases to $150; and it was great fun to enlarge upon the fact that this charming thing had been accomplished by a body of men not one of whom received a particle of benefit from it. Some

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of the jokers used to call at the association rooms and have a good time chaffing the members and offering them the charity of taking them as steersmen for a trip, so that they could see what the forgotten river looked like. However, the association was content; or at least it gave no sign to the contrary. Now and then it captured a pilot who was "out of luck," and added him to its list; and these later additions were very valuable, for they were good pilots; the incompetent ones had all been absorbed before. As business freshened, wages climbed gradually up to $250—the association figure—and became firmly fixed there; and still without benefiting a member of that body, for no member was hired. The hilarity at the association's expense burst all bounds, now. There was no end to the fun which that poor martyr had to put up with.

HOWEVER, it is a long lane that has no turning. Winter approached, business doubled and trebled, and an avalanche of Missouri, Illinois and Upper Mississippi boats came pouring down to take a chance in the New Orleans trade. All of a sudden pilots were in great demand, and were correspondingly scarce.

Captain ———— was the first man who found it necessary to take the dose, and he had been the loudest derider of the organization. He hunted up one of the best of the association pilots and said:

"Well, you boys have rather got the best of us for a little while, so I'll give in with as good a grace as I can. I've come to hire you; get your trunk aboard right away. I want to leave at twelve o'clock."

"I don't know about that. Who is your other pilot?"

"I've got I. S. Why?"

"I can't go along with him. He don't belong to the association."

"What!"

"It's so."

"Do you mean to tell me that you won't turn a wheel with one of the very best and oldest pilots on the river because he don't belong to your association?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if this isn't putting on airs! I supposed I was doing you a benevolence; but I begin to think that I am the party that wants a favor done. Are you acting under a law of the concern?"

"Yes."

"Show it to me."

So they stepped into the association rooms, and the secretary soon satisfied the captain, who said:

"Well, what am I to do? I have hired Mr. S. for the entire season."

"I will provide for you," said the secretary. "I will detail a pilot to go with you, and he shall be on board at twelve o'clock."

"But if I discharge S., he will come on me for the whole season's wages."

"Of course that is a matter between you and Mr. S., Captain. We cannot meddle in your private affairs."

The captain stormed, but to no purpose. In the end he had to discharge S., pay him about a thousand dollars, and take an association pilot in his place. The laugh was beginning to turn the other way, now. Every day thenceforward, a new victim fell; every day some outraged captain discharged a non-association pet, with tears and profanity, and installed a hated association man in his berth. In a very little while idle non-associationists began to be pretty plenty, brisk as business was, and much as their services were desired. The laugh was shifting to the other side of their mouths most palpably. These victims, together with the captains and owners, presently ceased to laugh altogether, and began to rage about the revenge they would take when the passing business "spurt" was over.

SOON all the laughers that were left were the owners and crews of boats that had two non-association pilots. But their triumph was not very long-lived. For this reason: It was a rigid rule of the association that its members should never, under any circumstances whatever, give information about the channel to any "outsider." By this time about half the boats had none but association pilots, and the other half had none but outsiders. At the first glance one would suppose that when it came to forbidding information about the river these two parties could play equally at that game; but this was not so. At every good-sized town from one end of the river to the other, there was a "wharf-boat" to land at, instead of a wharf or a pier. Freight was stored in it for transportation; waiting passengers slept in its cabins. Upon each of these wharf-boats the association's officers placed a strongbox, fastened with a peculiar lock which was used in no other service but one—the United States mail service. It was the letter-bag lock, a sacred governmental thing. By dint of much beseeching the government had been persuaded to allow the association to use this lock. Every association man carried a key which would open these boxes. That key, or rather a peculiar way of holding it in the hand when its owner was asked for river information by a stranger—for the success of the St. Louis and New Orleans association had now bred tolerably thriving branches in a dozen neighboring steamboat trades—was the association man's sign and diploma of membership; and if the stranger did not respond by producing a similar key, and holding it in a certain manner duly prescribed, his question was politely ignored.

FROM the association's secretary each member received a package of more or less gorgeous blanks, printed like a billhead, on handsome paper, properly ruled in columns. . . . These blanks were filled up, day by day, as the voyage progressed, and deposited in the several wharf-boat boxes. For instance, as soon as the first crossing out from St. Louis was completed, the items would be entered upon the blank, under the appropriate headings, thus:

"St. Louis. Nine and a half (feet). Stern on courthouse, head on dead cottonwood above woodyard, until you raise the first reef, then pull up square." Then under the head of Remarks: "Go just outside the wrecks; this is important. New snag just where you straighten down; go above it."

The pilot who deposited that blank in the Cairo box (after adding to it the details of every crossing all the way down from St. Louis) took out and read half a dozen fresh reports (from upward-bound steamers) concerning the river between Cairo and Memphis, posted himself thoroughly, returned

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them to the box, and went back aboard his boat again so armed against accident that he could not possibly get his boat into trouble without bringing the most ingenious carelessness to his aid. . . .

But the outsiders had a hard time of it. No particular place to meet and exchange information, no wharf-boat reports, none but chance and unsatisfactory ways of getting news. The consequence was that a man sometimes had to run 500 miles of river on information that was a week or ten days old. At a fair stage of the river that might have answered, but when the dead low water came it was destructive.

Now came another perfectly logical result. The outsiders began to ground steamboats, sink them, and get into all sorts of trouble, whereas accidents seemed to keep entirely away from the association men. Wherefore even the owners and captains of boats furnished exclusively with outsiders, and previously considered to be wholly independent of the association and free to comfort themselves with brag and laughter, began to feel pretty uncomfortable.

Still, they made a show of keeping up the brag, until one black day when every captain of the lot was formally ordered to immediately discharge his outsiders and take association pilots in their stead. And who was it that had the dashing presumption to do that? Alas, it came from a power behind the throne that was greater than the throne itself. It was the underwriters!

It was no time to "swap knives." Every outsider had to take his trunk ashore at once. Of course it was supposed that there was collusion between the association and the underwriters, but this was not so. The latter had come to comprehend the excellence of the "report" system of the association and the safety it secured, and so they had made their decision among themselves and upon plain business principles.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp of the outsiders now. But no matter, there was but one course for them to pursue, and they pursued it. They came forward in couples and groups, and proffered their $12 and asked for membership. They were surprised to learn that several new by-laws had been long ago added. For instance, the initiation fee had been raised to $50; that sum must be tendered, and also 10 percent of the wages which the applicant had received each and every month since the founding of the association. In many cases this amounted to $300 or $400.

Still, the association would not entertain the application until the money was present. Even then a single adverse vote killed the application. Every member had to vote yes or no in person and before witnesses; so it took weeks to decide a candidacy, because many pilots were so long absent on voyages. However, the repentant sinners scraped their savings together, and one by one, by our tedious voting process, they were added to the fold. A time came, at last, when only about ten remained outside. They said they would starve before they would apply. They remained idle a long while, because of course nobody could venture to employ them.

By and by the association published the fact that upon a certain date the wages would be raised to $500 per month. All the branch associations had grown strong now, and the Red River one had advanced wages to $700 a month. Reluctantly the ten outsiders yielded, in view of these things, and made application. There was *another* new by-law, by this time, which required them to pay dues not only on all the wages they had received since the association was born, but also on what they would have received if they had continued at work up to the time of their application, instead of going off to pout in idleness. It turned out to be a difficult matter to elect them, but it was accomplished at last. The most virulent sinner of this batch had stayed out and allowed "dues" to accumulate against him so long that he had to send in $625 with his application.

The association had a good bank account now and was very strong. There was no longer an outsider. A by-law was added forbidding the reception of any more cubs or apprentices for five years; after which time a limited number would be taken, not by individuals, but by the association, upon these terms: the applicant must not be less than 18 years old, and of respectable family and good character; he must pass an examination as to education, pay $1,000 in advance for the privilege of becoming an apprentice and must remain under the commands of the association until a great part of the membership (more than half, I think) should be willing to sign his application for a pilot's license.

All previously articled apprentices were now taken away from their masters and adopted by the association. The president and secretary detailed them for service on one boat or another, as they chose, and changed them from boat to boat according to certain rules. If a pilot could show that he was in infirm health and needed assistance, one of the cubs would be ordered to go with him.

The widow and orphan list grew, but so did the association's financial resources. The association attended its own funerals in state, and paid for them. When occasion demanded, it sent members down the river upon searches for the bodies of brethren lost by steamboat accidents; a search of this kind sometimes cost $1,000.

The association procured a charter and went into the insurance business also. It not only insured the lives of its members, but took risks on steamboats. . . .

The owners and captains were the only obstruction that lay between the association and absolute power, and at last this one was removed. Incredible as it may seem, the owners and captains deliberately did it themselves. When the pilots' association announced, months beforehand, that on the first day of September, 1861, wages would be advanced to $500 per month, the owners and captains instantly put freights up a few cents, and explained to the farmers along the river the necessity of it, by calling their attention to the burdensome rate of wages about to be established. It was a rather slender argument, but the farmers did not seem to detect it. It looked reasonable to them that to add five cents' freight on a bushel of corn was justifiable under the circumstances, overlooking the fact that this advance on a cargo of 40,000 sacks

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was a good deal more than necessary to cover the new wages.

So, straightway the captains and owners got up an association of their own, and proposed to put captains' wages up to $500, too, and move for another advance in freights. It was a novel idea, but of course an effect which had been produced once could be produced again. The new association decreed (for this was before all the outsiders had been taken into the pilots' association) that if any captain employed a non-association pilot, he should be forced to discharge him, and also pay a fine of $500. Several of these heavy fines were paid before the captains' organization grew strong enough to exercise full authority over its membership; but all that ceased, presently. The captains tried to get the pilots to decree that no member of their corporation should serve under a non-association captain; but this proposition was declined. The pilots saw that they would be backed up by the captains and the underwriters anyhow, and so they wisely refrained from entering into entangling alliances.

As I have remarked, the Pilots' Benevolent Association was now the compactest monopoly in the world, perhaps, and seemed simply indestructible. And yet the days of its glory were numbered. First, the new railroad, stretching up through Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky, to Northern railway centers, began to divert the passenger travel from the steamers; next the war came and almost entirely annihilated the steamboating industry during several years, leaving most of the pilots idle, and the cost of living advancing all the time; then the treasurer of the St. Louis association put his hand into the till and walked off with every dollar of the ample fund; and finally, the railroads intruding everywhere, there was little for steamers to do, when the war was over, but carry freight; so straightway some genius from the Atlantic Coast introduced the plan of towing a dozen steamer cargoes down to New Orleans at the tail of a vulgar little tugboat; and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the association and the noble science of piloting were things of the dead and pathetic past!

The Big Brass Takes Over

by Robert S. Allen

While talking of merger, the generals and admirals move quietly to dominate America's national policy

THE COUNTRY will shortly witness a resounding spectacle on Capitol Hill.

It will be the loudly ballyhooed jump-off of the coördinated drive to enact into law the so-called armed-services-unification bill. This is the characteristically elaborate and costly concoction evolved by War and Navy Department chiefs as a substitute for the original merger proposal. The jump-off will consist of a glittering promenade of top-level admirals and generals before a joint committee to deliver carefully prepared and rehearsed pronouncements on the bill.

For public consumption, all the "high brass" will be in favor of the measure. Privately, the admirals and ground generals will be far from happy about it. At heart, the admirals are still incorrigibly against anything that in the slightest degree interferes with their complete control of their service. They are swallowing the compromise only because it is the most palatable alternative to an honest merger. The ground generals don't like the substitute any better than their opposite numbers in navy blue. But for a different reason. The generals know it is phony. But they were boxed in when their strongest supporters for merger got the big prize they were after in the deal. The instant the Air Forces obtained the independent status for which they so long have been clamoring, that moment they lost their zeal for merger. They had had what they wanted, and the ground generals could take care of themselves.

Thus, the AAF spokesmen will be the only ones genuinely enthusiastic about the compromise at the committee hearings. For they are confident that once definitely on their own, the course of events will inevitably give them supremacy over both Army and Navy. They are cockily certain that time and science are overwhelmingly on their side.

But behind the diverting façade of this hearts-and-flowers extravaganza, a far more fateful drama is being prepared for the American people.

It is the strongly united, aggressive and persistent effort of all elements of the armed services to retain and consolidate the position they won during the war as the dominant directing force in national policy, both domestic and foreign.

That is the real issue. The unification bill is only one phase of this effort. Already, the tentacles and influence of the military are potently fastened to key branches of government, industry, finance and science. Few are aware of the depth and strength of this attachment. But it is very real and all-impor-

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tant. And it is particularly vital that its scope and dominance be clearly understood amid all the talk of a new war.

Sound, efficient and adequate preparedness is crucial. No patriotic citizen questions that. We live in a world of uncertainties and we must be ready in any contingency to defend our lives and our homes.

There is no real issue over preparedness in the country today. The nation is overwhelmingly for it. But there is a very urgent and menacing issue over military rule. That is the real problem facing the nation.

How real it is, is vividly disclosed by the extent and strength of military domination in the government, industry, finance and science. Some of the most significant aspects of this fateful penetration are surrounded by the most inviolate security classifications. But sufficient evidence is available on the record to provide a clear-cut picture of its ramifications and influence. The following are outstanding:

WHITE HOUSE. – Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy is Chief of Staff to the President. A meticulous, high-handed, aged "sea dog," Leahy plies his ambitious oar in a wide range of domestic and foreign affairs and exercises much weight in presidential councils. Leahy had a big hand in the unification compromise. Also, despite a low regard for the press generally, he is not above "leaking" to select newsmen stories and barbs he wants to plant.

STATE DEPARTMENT. – In addition to General Marshall as Secretary of State, Major General John H. Hilldring, Assistant Secretary of State for Military Government; Lieutenant General W. Bedell Smith, Ambassador to Russia; Admiral Alan G. Kirk, Ambassador to Belgium; Brigadier General Frank Hines, Ambassador to Panama; and Marine General Thomas Holcomb, Ambassador to the Union of South Africa; there are numerous other Army and Navy officers sitting at important desks.

OTHER GOVERNMENTAL AGENCIES. – Every department and practically every commission and bureau has a considerable quota of military. Some are loaded with them. Principal officers holding civilian jobs are: General Omar Bradley, head of the Veterans' Administration; Major General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service; Major General Philip B. Fleming, head of the Public Works Administration and also of the Office of Temporary Controls; Major General Robert H. Littlejohn, Director of the War Assets Administration; Major General Graves B. Erskine, head of the Labor Department's Retraining and Reëmployment Administration; Major General Lowell Rooks, Acting Director of UNRRA.

SCIENCE. – Scientific research in the country today is entirely dominated by the armed services. The extent of this control, and its far-reaching effect on the future of our country, can be judged from these comparative facts: In 1938, the amount spent for all research in the US was approximately $270 million. In 1946, the federal government alone spent more than $1.25 billion in research and development, *and of this vast sum more than 90 percent was expended by the Army and Navy.* Further, if Congress grants the new appropriations sought by the services, this immense military-research outlay will continue.

That is why the Army and Navy today dominate pure and applied research in the universities. Also, why military projects constitute by far the largest part of the work being done in the laboratories of industry. The inevitable results are a corruption of science and scientists in the universities and the further strengthening of the alliance that has always existed between the services and big business. It is a repetition in our country of the sinister tragedy that took place in Nazi Germany and that led immediately and directly to the holocaust of World War II.

STOCKPILING. – Through this device, the Army and Navy are creating vital controls over basic raw materials that may exert a profound influence on our economy at home and on our trade abroad. The last Congress, in its hurried closing days, enacted a stockpile bill which embraces most of the strategic raw materials. Strenuous efforts were made by more moderate elements in the Truman Administration to place control of these stockpiles in the hands of the non-service departments—Treasury, Commerce, Interior and Agriculture. They were unsuccessful. The only concession they were able to wangle was the inclusion of the Secretary of Interior on the top policy board.

Nominally, this three-man board, consisting of the Secretaries of War, Navy and Interior, is the ruling body under the act. Actually, the real authority rests in the hands of the Army-Navy Munitions Board. It directs all stockpiling operations. This provision of the law is doubly vicious because the board has a long and illustrious record of incompetence and bungling, both during the two decades between the world wars and during the last conflict. On the basis of this bedraggled record, there is little ground to anticipate that this military body will function more efficiently and farsightedly in the future than it did in the past. Or, that it will not continue to *fail* to stockpile items the country may desperately need in an emergency, while laying in large stores of materials which give financial and other advantages to special groups.

STAND-BY PLANTS. – The War and Navy Departments began clamoring for a huge program of stand-by plants while the war was still in progress. One of the War Department's original proposals called for the setting aside of a large area of public domain in the West for the storing of vast quanties of tanks and other ordnance items. Many of these items were obsolete even before the war ended. In another war, they would be museum pieces. Finally, a more sophisticated view was imposed on the staff, and they submitted a giant stand-by plant and machine-tools plan totaling around $4 billion. Again, the President's more reasonable advisers protested. Under this prodding, he rejected the bill the services wanted to introduce.

But while rebuffed, they did not quit. It is definitely known that a new stand-by bill has been drafted and will shortly be introduced with Truman's approval. It is not yet clear why Truman changed his mind. But this is certain:

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A very large proportion of the war plants and machine tools the military propose to stockpile will be obsolete and of little or no value in the next war.

NEW LEGISLATION. – In addition to the unification bill, the services are sponsoring still another highly significant—but unpublicized—measure on Capitol Hill. Its existence is unknown to the public. There is very good reason for this modesty. The bill would permit the services to wipe out the safeguarding restraints on procurement that now apply to all executive departments of the government. Under it, the two services could buy without competitive bidding and negotiate contracts on their own terms and in any manner they deemed necessary.

The dangerous implications of such unrestricted authority in time of peace are clearly obvious. With the vast funds the services have to spend for supplies, it is not necessary to indulge in much conjecture to envision the far-reaching pressure power the Army and Navy would be able to exert. One of the most potent cudgels of the Navy's mighty lobby, without peer in the Capital, is its huge shipbuilding expenditures. Armed with the proposed law, the services would quickly become practically impregnable on Capitol Hill. They would become, in effect, a sovereignty unto themselves—as they secretly would like to be.

No effective single command

ON ITS very face the unification bill is a travesty on every argument previously advanced in favor of a merger of the armed services. If these arguments were valid, then the bill makes no sense from a military, an economy or an efficiency point of view. Instead of cutting costs, the measure admittedly will appreciably increase them. Instead of eliminating duplicating and overlapping installations and functions, still others will be added. And, above all, there will be no effective single command. If there was one military lesson we learned during the recent war, it was the absolute necessity of such command. This bitterly learned lesson was the heart of the demand for merger.

The unification bill not only does not create a single responsible command, but compounds the existing chaos. Instead of two military departments, four would be set up; each, in effect, an independent agency. In addition, there would be a multi-headed and complicated Chiefs-of-Staff system, with large and elaborate subordinate staffs. Washington would be even more overrun with sportive staff officers than it is today.

Other weaknesses

ANOTHER aspect of the bill is extremely important. In their letter to Truman, the Secretaries of War and Navy indicated they favored reviving the provisions of the old merger bill establishing a Council of National Defense and a National Security Resources Board. The council would consist of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of National Defense, and the chairman of the National Security Resources Board. Charged with "coördinating and integrating common defense policy," the decisions of the council would be carried out, in their respective departments, by the Secretaries of State and National Defense. Decisions affecting other departments and agencies would be "recommended to the heads thereof and if action satisfactory to the council is not taken by such departments and agencies, the council will recommend appropriate action to the President." The Resources Board would be composed of the heads of executive departments designated by the President and be ruled by a full-time chairman appointed by him. This official would formulate policies and programs for the maximum use of the nation's resources in time of war.

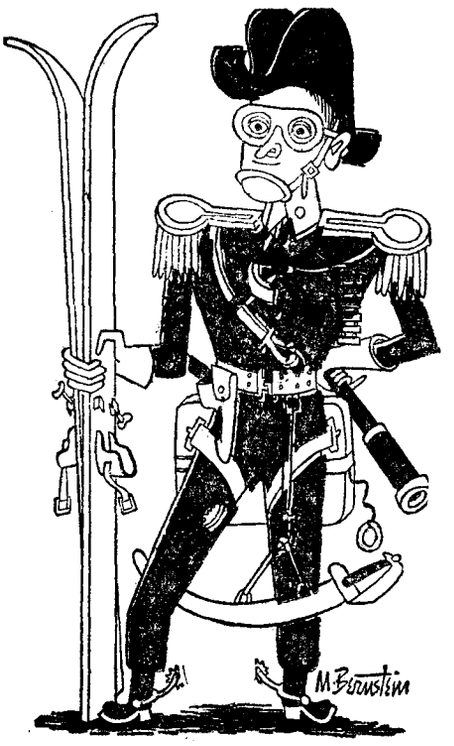
As is apparent from this extraordinary set-up and accompanying sweeping powers, the authority of the President would be extensively delegated. That means, in practice, usurped.

Aside from every other factor, the council, on the basis of its composition alone, is a sinister device. As constituted, it would lack sufficient representation to enable it to formulate a balanced and comprehensive defense program. The council would be composed exclusively of the diplomatic and military departments, plus the chairman of the Resources Board. Thus, policies and plans of crucial moment to the civilian economy would be prepared by officials with no responsibility in that sphere.

The functions of the Resources Board would duplicate and conflict with those of other government agencies. One of the most striking collisions would be with the Council of Economic Advisers, created under the Employment Act. This council is required to assist the President in the preparation of his annual economic report, to analyze economic developments and trends, appraise programs and activities relating to full employment, and to make recommendations to the President on national economic policy. Each of these functions would be duplicated by the Resources Board, as would also be those of the Departments of Interior, Agriculture, Labor and Commerce.

In other words, under these proposals, the military would set up a whole governmental structure of their own, run by them and dominated by them.

These are the highlights of the drama now unfolding backstage in Washington. Every citizen has a personal and vital stake in that drama. For on its outcome depends in a large measure continuance of our traditional American way of life and the duration of peace in the world.



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Henry Wallace

The Opportunity for the GOP

THE Republican Party deserves to stay in power indefinitely if it can give us peace and prosperity not merely for this year and next year, but for many years to come. The welfare of the people is more important than any political party. Therefore, at the risk of being misunderstood by the Democratic Party, I shall make some suggestions which, if followed up by the Republican Party, would help to give the nation continuing prosperity and the world enduring peace.

First, the Republican High Command needs the kind of nonpartisan economic advice which will enable it best to serve the country. The main source of that advice must be the President's Economic Advisory Council, strengthened by the fundamental informational and statistical services of the Departments of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, Interior and Treasury.

Second, everything possible should be done to preserve the trade-agreements program. If the Republicans will rise above their traditional attitude on the tariff, they will be serving their country well and the country will owe them much.

Let me tell the story of George Roberts, a small-town newspaperman in Iowa who in the nineties defended the economics of the gold standard against Coin Harvey, a soft-money advocate, so resolutely that McKinley appointed Roberts to be director of the Mint. From Washington, Roberts went to Wall Street and for many years wrote the National City Bank letters. My grandfather, who knew George Roberts in the old days when he lived at Fort Dodge, Iowa, insisted that I read the bank letter. Beginning in 1919, George Roberts began to harp on the theme, "The war has made the US a creditor nation and we must prepare eventually to import more goods than we export."

After the Republicans came in, in 1921, they did exactly the opposite of what George Roberts had advised. They raised the tariff instead of lowering it. No apparent harm was done so long as we were lending half a billion to a billion dollars abroad annually. But when we hiked the tariff another notch and stopped lending in 1930, the international effects were tremendous and unemployment helped give the Germans an excuse, in their misery, for taking on a Führer.

Knowing all this, I visited with Roberts at the National City Bank in 1934, saying, "You were a good Republican in 1921 and 1922. Why didn't you stop them from their insane tariff policies?" He replied that he did call on several of the high leaders in Washington at that time, but that they all told him that the political situation was such that they had to raise the tariff.

Today prices in many lines, especially agricultural products, are beginning to go down. There is great political profit temporarily in saying, "Tariff medicine is exactly what the doctor ordered." Members of Congress, Republican or Democratic, who take this easy course are as derelict to their duty as a doctor whose only treatment for disease is to administer opiates. After World War I the Republicans fed the United States the tariff pain-killer. When the effects wore off, the country went into an economic collapse and this was one of the important reasons why the Republicans were turned out and kept out of office for 14 years. This can and will happen again if the Republicans use the lower prices of 1947 and 1948 as an excuse for hiking tariffs. The difference will be that this time the effects will not last so long. Vandenberg and Taft know the truth of what I am saying. For the sake of the country I hope they have the political courage to act accordingly, even after prices fall. In that case, Butler of Nebraska, Jenkins of Ohio, Reed of New York, Gearhart of California and Knutson of Minnesota will get nowhere with their drive to scuttle the trade-agreements program.

THE Republican Party will demonstrate its courage and wisdom by the way it acts today in preparing for this problem of the future. Foreign countries, and especially England, are seriously worried that the US will go isolationist after this war just as it did after the last war and that tariff action by the US will force all the countries of the world back into the jungle of economic warfare with bilateral trade agreements, exchange controls, quotas and ever mounting tariffs. England knows that economic warfare of this sort is the first step toward totalitarianism.

Republican leaders, including Henry Luce, Clare Booth Luce, Representative Walter H. Judd, Eliot V. Bell, H. V. Kaltenborn and Malcolm Muir, have assured

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Ernest Bevin that he need not be disturbed about the Republican victory last fall because it does not mean that the US is going isolationist. I, for one, welcome these assurances. I also welcomed the assurance of an even more prominent group of Republicans in 1920 that Warren Harding would lead America into the League of Nations. If the Luce group want to avoid the bitter self-reproach afterward felt by the Republicans of 1920 for misleading the American people, they will strive with all force and sincerity to prevent the Republican isolationists from destroying the trade-agreements program. I hope they will not be turned aside as George Roberts was in 1921.

Third, the United States must furnish its fair share of money for setting the backward areas of the world on their way toward expanded agricultural and industrial production. Money invested in this way will eventually be brought back to us many times over, provided we throw our influence on the side of lower tariffs and expanded world trade. Positive action, in addition to the lowering of barriers to the freedom of trade, is needed. If the high volume of world trade necessary for American and world prosperity is to be sustained, this may involve not merely a TVA on the Danube but a series of them for all Europe. Certainly there should be many TVA's for the Near East, China and parts of Africa. At least $10 billion must be invested annually by United Nations agencies for a number of years in self-liquidating programs designed to increase the industrial and agricultural productivity of those parts of the world which today are in the greatest poverty.

Fourth, the Republican Congress will serve America best by resisting all efforts to make political capital by reducing taxes at the expense of essential government services. The only effective program of tax reduction today is a peace program to reach a settlement with Russia and to create a world security system to do away with the necessity of huge national armed forces.

Fifth, Congress should recognize the many signs of an improved spirit in labor-management relations of which the agreement between the United Steelworkers and US Steel is one example. There is a real possibility that, in the absence of punitive legislation, labor and industry will bring about industrial peace. More strikes and lower production would be the only possible results of the drastic bills about to be placed before Congress.

Sixth, the Republican Congress can prepare the farmers to meet the problem of surpluses. The AAA committees, the Ever Normal Granary and the food-stamp plan will have to be put into shape to function again. To handle the problem of international surpluses there must be established some form of Sir John Orr's World Food Board. After World War I the Republicans were caught flatfooted by the farm problem. Agricultural statesmen like Clifford Hope of Kansas know the problem, and if the Eastern Republican congressmen will listen to him, they will save themselves and the farmers a million headaches. Some Republicans may try to solve the farm problem the easy way, by subsidizing the export of our headaches abroad. In the long run, such a proposal is inexcusable. The World Food Board is sound and if the Republicans are smart they will grab it while the State Department is still fighting it.

Nothing would please me more than to see the Republican Party push these six points as I have outlined them. But whatever the Republican Congress may decide to do, I know there are millions of rank-and-file Republicans who agree with me.

Mexican Agriculture

WHEN I was in Mexico in 1940 I urged on President Avila Camacho the starting of a comprehensive corn-breeding program. In 1946 I returned to Mexico and found that great progress had been made. Strains of native corn have been found which will yield 30 to 40 percent more than the types commonly used. Experiments with fertilizer have been conducted which indicate that 200 pounds of ammonia sulphate per acre will increase the yield manyfold. The present yield of corn in Mexico is only 10 bushels to the acre, and it is certain that with good seed, fertilizer and some improvement in machinery it would be possible enormously to reduce the land and labor requirements for corn in Mexico.

The wheat and bean yields of Mexico can also be expanded greatly as a result of experimental work which has already been started and which indicates unusual possibilities. So far the Mexican farmer with his wooden plow hauled by a bullock has not felt the impact of science in his daily life. What little contact I have had with him in the field leads me to think that he and his wife are as suspicious of book farming as the Iowa farmer was 50 years ago. But the Iowa farmer changed when he saw the results in the field in his own neighborhood. So also will the Mexican.

Mexico cannot safely and rapidly industrialize until her agriculture efficiency becomes several times as great as it now is. When workers on the land produce so little that their labor is worth only a few cents an hour, industrialization inevitably brings social troubles of many kinds. That is why we have had people like Huey Long and Talmadge in the southern US.

Now that the world is becoming smaller, I feel that increasing the agricultural productivity of Mexico is important to our peace and welfare in the US. H. W.

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Oil—Inflammable

A lasting peace requires new efforts to settle Soviet-Western rivalry over rich oil fields in Iran and Rumania

This is the fourth of the New Republic's *"A New Deal with Russia" series. Previous articles discussed general economic policy* (New Republic, *December 16); Soviet expansion* (New Republic, *December 30); and the Eastern European problem* (New Republic, *January 27).* — THE EDITORS

WRISTWATCHES, cigarettes, soap and candy bars are the marks of power and civilization to luxury-starved people overrun by war's desolation. But to statesmen, engineers and planners of all nations, oil is the immediate key to rehabilitation, potential prosperity and national power.

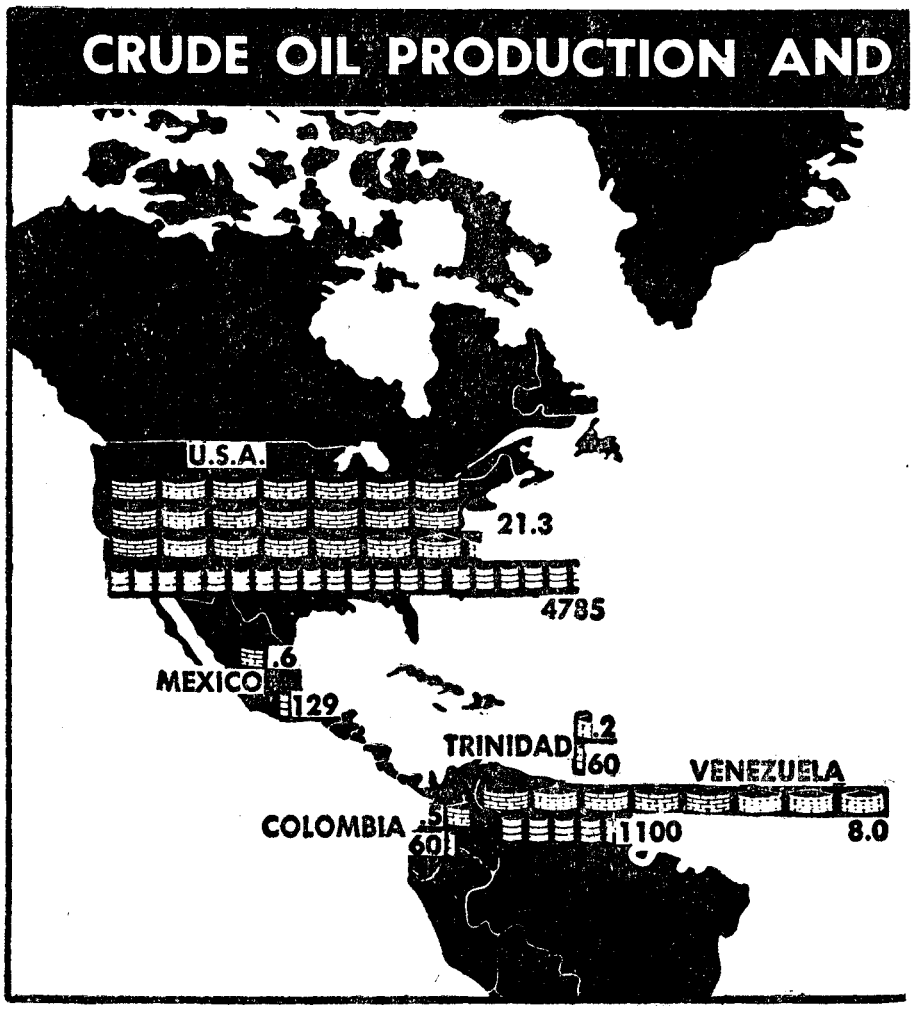
In the United Nations and world politics, the Soviet Union is a member of the Big Three. With her population and other resources, Russia is potentially one of the most powerful nations on earth. But in proved oil resources she is a starveling—controlling only nine percent of the world's proved reserves. The United States, Britain and the Netherlands control 86 percent.

The US is the world's greatest producer and consumer of petroleum. In 1944 it supplied about 65 percent of the total world production. Most Americans take for granted what the London *Economist* referred to as the "God-given right to go on consuming two-thirds or more of the total world supply of this essential fuel." The principal reason for cheap, plentiful petroleum products in the United States is that North America has been richly blessed with oil resources. Nearly 78 percent of all the oil produced in the world to date has come from the United States and the Caribbean basin.

World politics, economics and morality appear differently to oil-rich America than they do to countries with industrial civilizations still not fully developed, needing oil and knowing that it must come from outside their borders. In the currents and cross-currents of policy differences between Russia and the West, oil takes its place as one of the most significant causes of tension. Two areas—the Middle East and Eastern Europe—stand out as particular sore spots.

The Middle East lay squarely across the conflicting nineteenth-century imperialistic ambitions of pre-Labor Britain and czarist Russia. (Iran and Arabia are gates or roadblocks to warm-water ports, and the most direct route to India.) The hangovers of the past in politics do not disappear in one bright morning; and now, added to the old rivalries, is the fact that this region is estimated to contain 42 percent of the world's proved oil reserves. Of total world oil production to date, only four percent has come from this area; but its huge future reserves color the entire pattern of the world of tomorrow.

Eastern Europe—Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Germany—furnished a little more than two percent of total world oil production to 1944. Old points of difference —the expropriation of oil properties in the Soviet Union and the proximity of Europe's oil areas to the Russian borders—have been irritated by new prob-



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lems left after the Nazi invasion and the social upheavals of two wars.

The question in both these areas is whether these broad problems can be solved in a sensible manner. Moreover, the importance of both these regions is emphasized by an examination of the present Russian oil position.

The Russian oil position

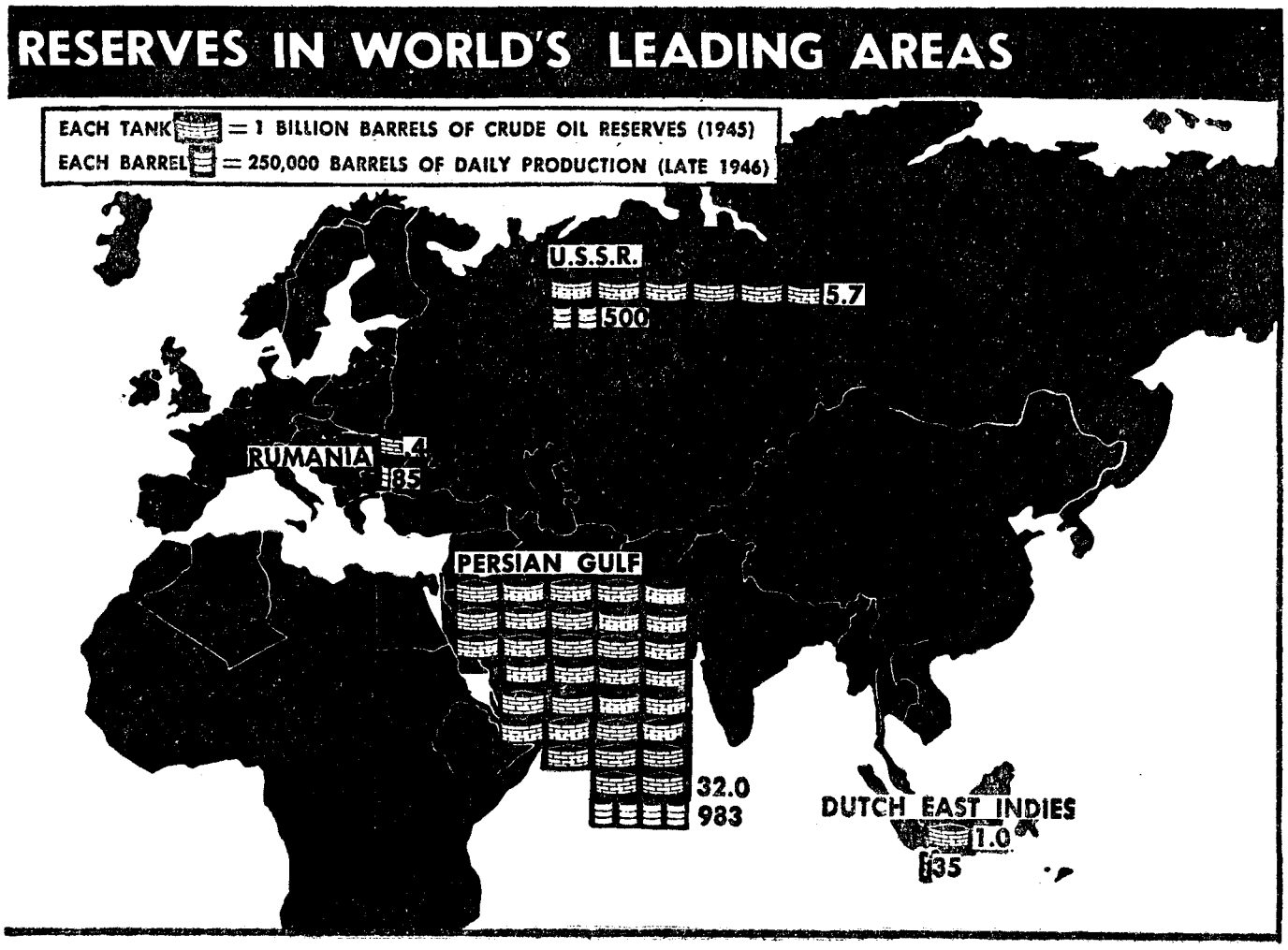
THE greatest difficulty in accurately assessing Russia's oil diplomacy is that no one knows exactly how much oil Russia needs or consumes at home, or how far her production falls short of these needs. Therefore, no one knows how urgent is her drive for control of foreign resources, or how much oil she can spare for export in order to obtain urgently needed foreign credits and equipment.

In comparison with other oil-producing countries, Russia has been weakened since the beginning of World War II. Venezuela doubled her oil production from 186 million barrels in 1938 to 330 million barrels in 1945 and is fast approaching the 400-million-barrels-per-year mark. Russia may now be producing only about 200 to 230 million barrels per year. The Soviet Union approached the 200-million-barrel figure in the years 1936-38. Despite great efforts to increase production, it had reached an output only of 217 million barrels in 1940, three-quarters of which came from Baku. Stalin indicated that the goal of Russian oil production by 1960 should be 260 million barrels. The latest five-year plan hopes to produce at least 247 million barrels by 1950.

The Soviet Union's domestic oil resources were heavily damaged during the war. The Russians themselves destroyed the valuable Mykop fields before the German invasion, and the Groszny fields, which yielded about 30 million barrels annually, were also heavily damaged. Shortages of material and skilled labor cut down the amount of exploratory drilling in the Baku area, too, and production dropped seriously. The so-called second Baku developed in the Ural-Volga region does not yet come near to offsetting the loss in the southern fields.

Although Russia's domestic oil reserves are cautiously estimated by Western experts to be at least six to eight billion barrels, it will take many years to explore and develop the fields scattered over the vast land. One Russian expert recently stressed the fact that it was unlikely petroleum development on a large scale would be possible in Siberia for many years.

The greatest handicap facing the Soviet Union is the lack of modern oil machinery and equipment. What equipment Russia has is either worn out or outdated. Faster methods of drilling must be developed and new methods of oil recovery must be introduced. There is a shortage of refineries and pipe-



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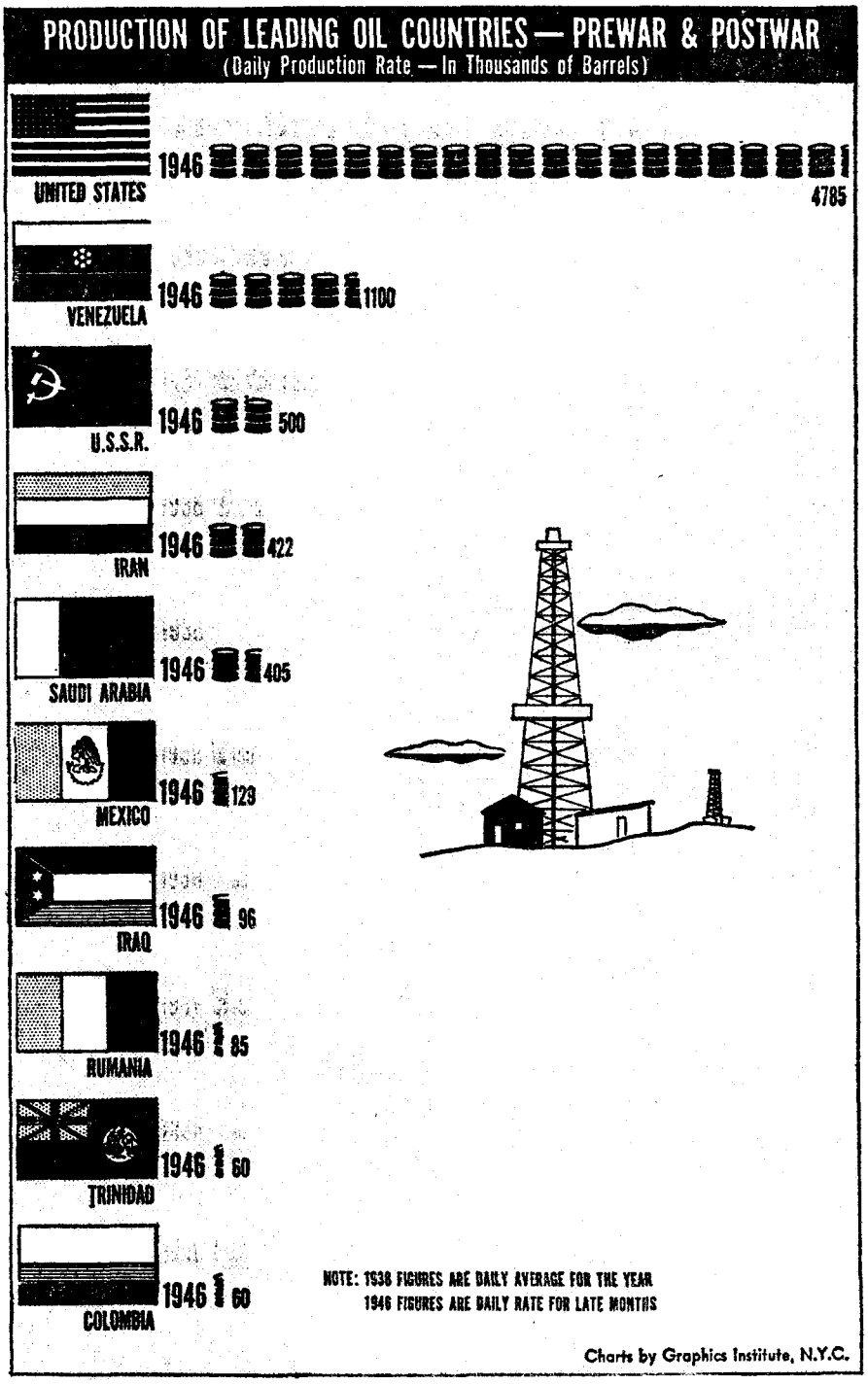
lines. Considering the extensive Russian program for restoring devastated areas, building her communications system, increasing food production and resuming and increasing her heavy and light industrial program, the importation of large quantities of modern oil equipment seems a basic economic necessity. Rumanian and Hungarian oil, and the synthetic oil the Germans produced from coal, may help to fill the gap during the transition period. Increased oil imports from northern Iran may also help in the future. But the cornerstone for speedy development and further mechanization in Russia will be imports of modern oil equipment and machinery.

Trade talks between the Soviet Union and the United States are scheduled to begin in Washington in the next few months. Estimates vary as to how much the Russians need and will seek. An American mission for trade agreement with Russia estimated some time ago that the Soviet Union could purchase $2 billion worth of American goods if the necessary credits were extended. A plan was presented to Moscow to expand Russian trade with the US to $500 million a year. Recent estimates are more conservative. The chief of the Russian section of the US Commerce Department recently stated unofficially that Russia's need for American goods was about $200 million a year. About $20 million of this total would be for oil machinery.



Russia and the Middle East

IN Eastern Europe and Iran, oil problems are interwoven with deeper problems of power policy, border disputes and "peaceful penetration." The Soviet Union's policy since the end of the war has been to create a security belt around its western and southern frontiers. The southern frontier with Iran and Turkey is long and particularly exposed. Iran and Turkey are not far from Russia's greatest oil center at Baku. A successful attack on Russia from the south could paralyze nearly three-quarters of the present Russian oil supply. This consideration, plus the nearness of the tremendous oil reserves in the Middle East, underlay Russia's attitude in the Azerbaijan crisis, which received world attention in the United Nations Security Council.

The Soviet-Iranian agreement of April, 1946, was reached after long discussion within the UN. The agreement, which has not yet been ratified by the Iranian Parliament, provided the beginnings of the long-desired Russian security belt in northern Iran. More significantly, it also extended to Russia the right of oil exploration in the same broad belt. The belt extends from Azerbaijan along the Caspian Sea north of Teheran to the Afghanistan frontier, with a neutral Turkish zone.

Recent Anglo-American oil policy in the Middle East has been set, not by the British and American governments, but by Standard of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum on the American side, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company on the British. By agreement, the American companies have contracted to buy large amounts of crude oil from Anglo-Iranian over the next twenty years. They also acquired part of the American interests in Saudi Arabia, and will investigate the possibility of building pipelines

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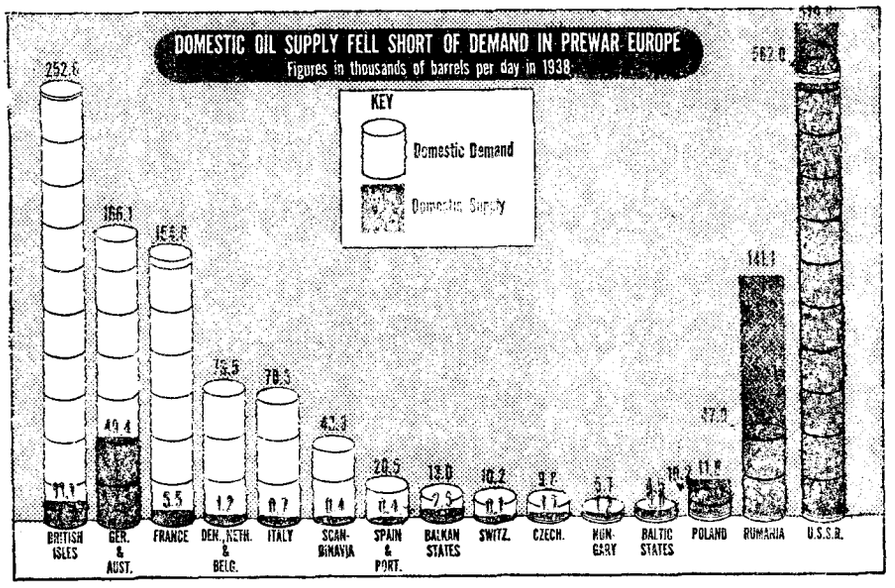

from the two fields to the Mediterranean. At the present time, there are two United States military missions in Iran.

Russia and Eastern Europe

RUMANIAN oil production amounted to about 35 to 40 million barrels a year before the war, and is now about 30 million. Of this, Rumania exports all but about 12 million barrels. The peace treaty provides reparations of $300 million to the Soviet Union, with oil making up a large share of the total.

The squabbles among the Big Three over Rumania's oil industry have gone on since Potsdam. The Russians have been accused of trying to take firm hold of every phase of the industry, of removing drilling and other equipment, of allowing the industry to fall into a state of productive inefficiency and of hogging oil at the expense of the British and American oil companies.

British and American oil companies in Rumania also complain that they are operating at a loss because of low prices paid by the Rumanian government. The Russians have accused the Anglo-American oil companies of collaborating with the Nazis and taking out exorbitant profits at Rumania's expense.

Although the Russians have been trying constantly to increase their oil holdings in Rumania, the fact is that they have economic control, at most, over less than 30 percent of Rumania's crude-oil production and refining equipment. Anglo-American interests are said to control about 62 percent of the country's production. During the postwar period Rumanian oil production has continued to decline. The need for some sort of basic understanding under which the Russians will get more oil and the oil companies in Rumania will be able to cover economic costs as well as reconstruct and develop potential oil production, has continued to grow.

Quantitatively, Hungarian and Austrian oil exports are less important. In Hungary, Russian-influenced oil companies will control deliveries during the reparations period. The Russians were given the disposal of all German assets in Eastern Europe at the Potsdam Conference, and they subsequently claimed the petroleum properties in the whole of Austria. Later, the Austrian government nationalized the industry, leaving the question of Austrian oil to be ironed out during peace-treaty discussions.

German synthetic-oil production amounted to some 40 to 50 million barrels during the peak years. A report made under the guidance of the US Foreign Economic Administration in 1945 advocated the destruction of all synthetic-oil plants in Germany as "German war industries." Unfortunately for such a policy in the present political atmosphere, nine-tenths of all the synthetic plants were located in the Russian zone. The Russians have removed a part of this industry. The rest of the German plants in the Russian zone continue to produce oil under Russian direction. It is estimated that production in the near future may be restored to 20 million barrels or more per year.

The crude and synthetic-oil production under Russian influence in Eastern Europe can probably be restored or developed within the next few years to the following extent:

	Million barrels
Rumania	32 to 40
Hungary	6 to 8
Poland (including synthetic)	4 to 5
Austria	5 to 6
Germany (synthetic)	20 to 25
Czechoslovakia	3 to 4 (min.)
Estonia	2 to 3

Allowing for a total domestic consumption of 25 to 30 million barrels, there will be 45 to 60 million barrels available for export and reparations.

Russia's oil exports to Western Europe

THE recent establishment of a Russian-Swiss company to distribute Rumanian and Eastern European oil in Switzerland follows naturally from prewar oil history. The Russians have exported oil to this area since 1922, reaching their peak year in 1932, when they shipped out 29 percent of total Soviet production. The peak-year exports were shipped to the following countries:

	Million barrels
Italy	7.4
France	6.7
United Kingdom	4.3
Germany	3.7
Spain	3.0
Belgium	1.9

The remainder went to scattered countries such as South Africa, China, New Zealand, Canada and Uruguay.

Soviet oil exports declined after 1933, but, with an increased need for industrial goods during the present Russian reconstruction period, the trend of Soviet oil exports will probably be upward.

The race to supply Western Europe with oil can become a mad scramble for foreign exchange and political preference, with Russian, American, Venezuelan and Middle Eastern governments, oil companies and interests competing. If the political atmosphere following the final signing of the peace treaties

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is one of suspicion and mutual distrust, such a tug of war will be inevitable.

One possible approach is through bilateral or multilateral pooling or division-of-market agreements. The whole American tradition seems to be against this method, which injects the ugly word "cartel" into the argument.

The Anglo-American Oil Agreement is still awaiting ratification by Congress and seems likely to die a quiet death. Although British and American political and economic interests are closely allied on many oil questions, the Kremlin would probably interpret a formal agreement between the two countries as anti-Soviet. A broader and more constructive approach is offered by the suggestion of the US State Department for an international petroleum authority within the framework of the International Trade Organization. Such a solution would permit the international oil companies to exercise their influence in oil questions without allowing their immense economic power to interfere in purely social and political matters.

World coöperation is essential

THE contrast between the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the government of Iran illustrates the potential economic power of such private organizations, responsible to no one except their stockholders. Iran's total government income in 1944-45 was about $600 million. Standard of NJ alone has total assets of $2.5 billion and had a gross income of $1.6 billion in 1945.

In the vacuum left by an indecisive US policy, large companies can push around relatively small and economically weak governments. The oil corporations often can influence great powers to rescue private economic chestnuts, and such actions can lead to trade or actual war.

Under a broad policy of world cooperation, the oil companies can fulfill their proper role in orderly world economic development and make academic the question whether competition for oil will lead to another war. Such a settlement, with oil-hungry countries assured of a supply to fill their needs, and oil-producing countries furnished a steady market and technical assistance, can make possible a higher standard of living for all the world's peoples.

"And Besides, It's Unconstitutional"

by Pat M. Holt

Everything has to be shipshape and legal for Colorado's Millikin, a Very Important Person in the United States Senate

ALTHOUGH the Republican flood of last November accentuated the sudden, corklike rise of Eugene D. Millikin to political prominence, the Republican Senator from Colorado would probably have done well for himself in any event. He always has.

In a brief five years, Millikin, a wealthy ex-oilman from Denver now in his sophomore term in the Senate, has quietly become one of the nation's most influential legislators. With the exception of Wherry of Nebraska, Millikin has had less Senate experience than any other leading Republican. None the less, he is today chairman of the potent Senate Finance Committee, member of his party's seven-man policy committee and one of the head men on the Joint Atomic Energy Committee.

Millikin's success seems to be compounded of knowledge, personal dignity, a strangely inconsistent constitutionalism, and luck. His background is that of a man who has come a long way on his own and sometimes seems embarrassed by his success. No native Coloradan, he was born in Hamilton, Ohio, in 1891. He left Hamilton, where his father was a successful physician, at 19 and enrolled in the University of Colorado Law School. He served the conventional apprenticeship as a practising attorney and entered politics by becoming secretary to George A. Carlson, then a candidate for the Colorado governorship.

After Carlson's election, he and Millikin clashed frequently. Carlson, who was the leader of the state's prohibition movement, regarded himself as a well conditioned, clean-living athlete. On one occasion he eyed Millikin and offered to put on the gloves with him. In no time Carlson and his secretary were flailing each other about the gubernatorial chambers. The fight amounted to hardly more than a pugilistic polka, since neither side was injured, but it was widely publicized and greatly enjoyed in Denver.

A wedding, an appointment

FOLLOWING World War I, Millikin formed a law partnership with Karl C. Schuyler, a Colorado oil man, for whom he acted as campaign manager in the Senate race in 1920. The two were so sure of winning that they received news of their defeat while at an election-night victory banquet. Twelve years later, Schuyler tried again and won, despite the Roosevelt-led Democratic landslide. Millikin went to Washington as Schuyler's secretary, but his stay was abruptly terminated by Schuyler's death in 1933.

Schuyler's will named Millikin unbonded trustee and adviser to his widow, whom Millikin married in 1935. During this time, Millikin was legal representative for a number of in-

Pat M. Holt has been a reporter for the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal *and received a traveling scholarship in 1941 with the Columbia School of Journalism. He is now Capitol Hill expert for the* Congressional Quarterly.

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dependent oil men. In 1941, Colorado's Democratic Senator, Alva B. Adams, died and Millikin was appointed to fill the vacancy. He promptly gave up his law practice and resigned as president of the Kinney-Coastal Oil Company. This appointment in 1941 was his first important stroke of luck: it gave him seniority over all Republicans elected the following year.

His second major good fortune occurred last month. As his party's 15th-ranking Senator, Millikin was due for a committee chairmanship when the Republicans reorganized the Senate, but not one so important as Finance. Both Taft and Butler, ahead of Millikin on Finance, preferred other committees and therefore the choice assignment fell to him.

Constitutional expert

ALTHOUGH Millikin is esteemed by his constituents as well as by his Senate colleagues, he lacks the physical attributes of political leadership possessed by such public servants as Bricker and McNutt. Now 56, Millikin is bald and of medium height. He lives quietly when in Washington in a large apartment house on Connecticut Avenue where he does much of his small family's cooking and spends his spare time reading. He dresses neatly in dark, conservative suits and is considered an even-tempered and unspectacular family man.

Yet Millikin can thunder when thunder is required. A powerful orator whose voice needs no public-address system, he is aware of the impressiveness of the classic philippic and does not hesitate to use it. Last spring, in commenting on the draft-labor bill, which he opposed, Millikin contended impressively:

"I respectfully affirm that the proposed legislation is an ill considered, hasty product of hysteria, is an affront to our veterans, is violative of human dignity, human decency and fair play, is lacking in candor, is arbitrary, capricious and brutal, is unconstitutional, and in its present form should not be enacted into law."

Many Millikin admirers attribute his rapid advance to his vast familiarity with constitutional law and let it go at that. Others hold that his hobby of study has given him a wide range of knowledge and that his talents are by no means confined to constitutional interpretations. There is general agreement that the Senator is a strong vote-getter in his home state, a zealot in watching over the welfare of his constituency, and the type of conscientious conservative who is sometimes found on the liberal side of the fence.

Political adversaries concede Millikin's dignity, charm, intelligence and fund of constitutional lore. They are inclined, however, to criticize the narrow manner in which he interprets the highest law of the land, pointing out that his conclusions tend, for the most part, toward a kind of hair-splitting conservatism. They cite his apparent belief that, even when the Constitution permits, the status quo should only be altered in cases of clearly demonstrated need. Millikin, they contend, generally thinks that the need has to be an obvious emergency before it is "clearly demonstrated" to him. These ratiocinations have, in some quarters, placed him on a par with the man who waits until his house is ablaze before phoning the fire department. The more cynical attribute his rise to influential friendships. A popular view is that an unobtrusive chumminess with Taft has benefited him in drawing first-class assignments.

99-percent conservative

HIS record in the Senate is that of a stark conservative covered by a fig leaf of liberalism. During the 79th Congress, he went along with the majority of his Republican colleagues on 84 percent of the controversial roll calls. He voted for the Case bill, and against the full-employment bill and increased unemployment compensation. He opposed federal aid for education on the ground that, "The eight or nine hundred thousand remaining illiterates who have been rejected [by the Army] are not illiterates, but for the most part morons who are uneducable."

When opposing a Missouri River Authority, Millikin observed that, "the President's request for a Missouri Valley Authority showed he does not understand the legal basis upon which our rights here in the Western states rest." Proponents of the TVA were castigated by Millikin as "people [who] want to fasten totalitarianism on whole sections of the country. They do not have the real interests of the people at heart."

Yet Millikin, although he may interpret the Constitution narrowly, seldom perverts it. His record on civil liberties is good. By opposing President Truman's draft-labor bill he pleased, in his own words, "the most liberal of liberals." He voted against the conference report on the appropriations bill of 1943, which carried a rider forbidding salary payments to three federal employees suspected of un-American activities.

"The rider," Millikin boomed from his barrel chest, "is out of the spirit of attainder. Because this to me smells of ancient tombs in which liberty has been buried, I shall have to vote against the conference report."

In foreign affairs, Millikin's conservatism seems tinged with expediency. Harry Truman, then Senator from Missouri, accused Millikin of isolationism in 1944. Millikin objected to the label, but said that he did not want to "trade epithets with Senator Truman, for that would be like wrestling with a cipher." Although Millikin supported the ratification and implementation of the United Nations, he voted against reciprocal trade, against Bretton Woods and against the British loan. The Philippine Trade Act, denounced by liberals as far too niggardly, drew a complaint from Millikin that such "favored treatment," if continued, would prevent the Philippines from ever developing a balanced economy of their own.

The practical and occasionally far-seeing nature of Millikin's conservatism was illustrated by his attitude on atomic-energy control. As a member of the Special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, he supported the generally satisfactory McMahon bill. Commenting on the legislation, Millikin reported that there were many things in the bill he couldn't stomach anywhere else, but that "we were confronted with a situation and had to write a law to fit it."

A chance to go places

WHEN the new Republican majority took over the Senate, Millikin drew three top assignments from the

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steering committee, all loaded with dynamic potentialities for 1948. He was told to draw up plans for: ways and means of keeping Mississippi's Bilbo out of the Senate; fair-employment-practice legislation; and an anti-poll-tax bill. Millikin's record on the subjects caused skeptical comment as to Republican motives in choosing him.

Sweet doing nothing

ON BILBO, Millikin has judiciously kept his mouth shut and let his colleagues strike the energetic postures of outrage. This quiescence is correct, since it is his job to find ways and means of applying evidence rather than to accumulate it, but in the last analogous case to come before the Senate—in 1942—he voted to seat William Langer of North Dakota. At that time he argued that when the Senate undertook to eliminate a newly elected member it served to destroy a republican form of government instead of guaranteeing one.

On the FEPC, Millikin was one of the eight Republican Senators who voted against ending the Southern filibuster last winter. The bill, he said, rested on a "coercive base" and was "redolent of conceptions and procedures which do not square with the American system of government." Millikin went on to recall that he had been a member of the resolutions committee which had put a pro-FEPC plank in the 1944 Republican platform. He maintained, however, that the committee did not have a "coercive" bill in mind and that he would support only "a sound measure resting on persuasion."

"Whatever," Millikin declared during the FEPC debate, "may be said against discrimination because of race, creed, color, national origin or ancestry, there is nothing in our history to give validity to what I submit is the real theory of the bill, that a citizen has the right to work because of his race, creed, color, national origin or ancestry, or has the right to work for a particular employer."

On the poll tax, Millikin's record is similarly inconclusive. He insists he wants the tax eliminated by a constitutional amendment—he was one of the 32 sponsors of such an amendment, which got nowhere, in 1944—but he voted against cloture on the abortive poll-tax debate last summer.

Millikin has voted for many veterans' benefits, but in 1944 he was unwilling to give servicemen a chance to vote. At that time, the Senator's view of the Constitution probably reached its narrowest. During a debate on the soldier-vote bill, he exhibited a skill surpassed only by Missouri's Forrest Donnell in exhuming technical, legalistic constitutional reasons for taking no action. After presenting these arguments at length, Millikin honed his dialectics to a new and finer edge.

The Articles of War, he declared, forbid expressions of contempt of the Commander-in-Chief or of members of Congress. In view of these prohibitions, he posed the question whether a free election could be held in the Army in the manner contemplated by the proposed federal law. He then painted a touching picture of a soldier diverted from his duty and remorselessly ordered to mark a federal ballot when he really didn't care about politics at all.

Looking after the folks

IN LOOKING after the interests of his constituents, Millikin is inclined to adopt a broad, long-range view of economic betterment. There is general agreement that his intensive work on the Mexican Water Treaty was a good thing for Colorado. His supporters back home find him an affable man and members of the American Legion's Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, at Denver, are proud to claim him as one of the founders. He reciprocates by reading their letters to him into the *Congressional Record*.

Millikin has stated that he now has no outside interests and that he is in the Senate "for better or worse." None the less, his preoccupation with oil manifests itself from time to time. He voted for the bill renouncing federal title to tidewater-oil lands. In November, 1943, during consideration of a bill authorizing the construction and operation of demonstration plants to produce synthetic liquid fuels from coal and other substances, Millikin explained that he was a trustee of some oil-shale lands in Colorado and had a beneficial interest in the trusts. Following this introduction, he offered an amendment to specify "oil shale" in the bill in addition to "coal and other substances."

On the other hand, Millikin asked to be excused from voting on an amendment to the OPA Extension Act that concerned oil parity prices. "If the amendment were agreed to," Millikin explained, "I might derive an indirect financial benefit. If I felt free to vote, I should vote yea."

One step behind the NAM

IN 1942, Millikin was elected to the Senate by 48,000 votes for the two years remaining in Adams' unexpired term. Two years later, he was reëlected by 63,000 votes—almost twice the majority by which Dewey carried Colorado.

During the 1944 campaign, Millikin attacked Roosevelt's "frivolous attitude toward the sacred political trusts of this nation." Comparing Dewey and FDR, he prophesied, incorrectly, that "the voice that once bemused and beguiled us has met its equal." He has also on occasion been incautious in estimating the capabilities of his fellow Coloradans. In 1945, opposing a lowering of protective tariffs, Millikin rumbled: "There is nothing produced in the Rocky Mountain region that cannot be produced more cheaply in some other part of the world."

Millikin's economic philosophy was perhaps best typified by his position during the OPA fight last summer. He stated publicly that he did not "go all the way with the NAM," but if he didn't complete the journey, he certainly got off at the next to the last stop. "The National Association of Manufacturers," he said, "represents probably 70 percent of the volume of manufacturing in the United States. Yet that organization . . . with all of that presumptive collecting power, spent only a little more than $300,000 in running a few full-page newspaper advertisements [against the OPA].

"My criticism is that the organization did not spend $3 million. I think they have to let the moths out of their pocketbooks. I think that when a business question becomes a political question, these business organizations must get busy and take the rubberbands off of the old pocketbooks."

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United Nations News

Long-Range Planning

THE United Nations organization woke up last week after a lull that had lasted ever since the General Assembly adjourned in December. Delegates once again filled the corridors, the lounge, chatted over the bar. Guards were posted before chambers and the "in-session" signs went up throughout Lake Success. Yet despite the sudden burst of activity, surveys showed that press coverage of meetings was nowhere nearly so complete as it had been two months ago.

Paradoxically, the news concerned problems which are certain to have a far greater influence on future peace than the choice of a governor for Trieste or the removal of ambassadors from Madrid. The United Nations was discussing how to feed people, how to build their homes, how to guarantee them jobs, how to give them political freedom. Through its Economic and Employment Commission, its Social Commission, its Human Rights Commission and its Statistical Commission, it was looking for answers to the crucial world problems of our day. It was paradoxical, but perhaps natural, that in a headline-conscious land none of this news made headlines.

Perhaps it was partly their enormous complexity. For the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, under which all these commissions function, had handed the commission members a specific headache and they all knew it. The council, which is in actuality a political as well as a social and economic body, had asked the experts on the commissions to find honest and practical answers. The real work was under way; results would come later.

Isador Lubin, New Deal economist and statistician, was our representative to the Economic and Employment Commission. Partly from past experience, partly from current experience, he recognized the problems facing the group. "Our work," he said, "should be a warning—a warning that inflation in the United States inevitably means inflation abroad . . . we are tremendously influential." In a real sense Lubin was working for the world as he had worked for the United States during the New Deal. "We on the commissions are the brain trust of the United Nations—if not now, at least potentially."

THE French delegate to the Economic and Employment Commission, Jacques Rueff, voiced one of the difficulties last week when he told his colleagues: "This is a body politic which should lay down ways and means; we have presented altogether too many facts and not enough ideas. Oh, these facts which allow us not to think!"

The problem of fitting long-range world planning into shorter-range national planning of all varieties is as crucial as the choice between facts and ideas. The United States, for instance, wants no part of a comprehensive world food plan. India wants materials and machines for industrial development. Britain wants to maintain a vital export trade with such undeveloped countries as India. Russia finds in the phrase "press freedom" entirely different meanings from those which it holds for the Western democracies. To all these problems the commissions must give an adequate answer.

With money, power and a conservative government, the United States may frustrate bold, imaginative planning. Used intelligently, our money, power and conservatism can bring better living conditions to us and to the world.

There will be strong evidence that other nations recognize the power of the United States and need our aid in rebuilding. Already Russia has made two concessions which only recently she refused to consider. Last year she stayed away from an international housing conference, but last week she joined the United States and Great Britain in support of such a conference. At the last session of the Economic and Social Council, she turned down a blueprint for the reconstruction of devastated areas on the ground that there was no need for long-range planning now. Last week she admitted that, while factories and farms and cities ruined by the war must be built first, there should also be long-range planning in Europe.

ONE of the first groups of UN employees to move into the new site will be the Security Guard Force, which will take over in mid-Manhattan at a date some time after construction begins and before it is completed. They are 70 strong and they have done everything from controlling the entrances to UN buildings to preserving Gromyko from avalanches of professional souvenir and autograph fiends. They have evicted drunks and thieves from Lake Success; they have studied fire prevention and French; they have observed protocol and personal diplomacy.

Frank Begley, who supervises their activities, expects to expand his staff as his security problems on the new site expand. He is looking now for strong, polite young Americans, preferably those with some previous training in the field. He hopes later to recruit men from member nations on a year-and-a-half contract. They would receive training, live in barracks, work for the United Nations and then return to their native lands, presumably convinced propagandists for the international organization.

In any case, he knows there will be new problems. The East River site will immediately become a stop on all sightseeing tours and the increase in the number of visitors is in itself a problem. Then there are the professional racketeers whose aim it is to take advantage of foreign delegates through special money-making schemes, bribery or illegal sales. To avoid as much of this as possible, Begley says the buildings will be carefully constructed, with segregated security areas, with as few fire hazards as possible and with as many safety devices as seem necessary.

There is no thought of arming the guards. "We're not an international Gestapo and we don't intend to build a wall around the United Nations," Begley says. "We want to help and we want to be of service—that's all."

JANE BEDELL

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Farm

Plowless Farming

NATURE, by "doing what comes naturally," does a better job of raising plants than man does.

Some time during a drought, when the crops are dying of thirst and the corn is turning yellow, go out into the forest and dig down into the thick layer of humus and leaves and other decayed vegetation. Scratch up a handful of soil and squeeze it in your hand. You'll find it moist and cool and full of rich organic matter. The famous plow that broke the plains produced a lot of food, but it did a lot of damage.

To prevent and repair the bad results of plowing we have the so-called new plowless farming system, which is neither new nor plowless. The system has been practised since 1910 and requires at least as many plows as does the old. Plowless farming should instead be called moldboardless farming, because in the new system moldboard plows and other plows which turn soil upside down and bury the dead and live vegetation are not used. Modern farmers have learned that it is not good to stand soil on its head.

As a substitute for the old moldboard plow a number of new ones have been invented. Dr. Hugh Bennett, chief of the Soil Conservation Service, showed me one of them a few days ago. It has a V-shaped blade, about four feet across, which runs along an inch or so under the surface, killing the grass and weeds but leaving all vegetable material on the surface. Another kind of plow used in plowless farming is the rod weeder, which consists of a revolving square rod designed to run under the surface and cut off the unwanted vegetation.

When a modern farmer, up on his plowing techniques, raises a crop of wheat, he leaves every bit of the straw on the surface after the harvests. He does not remove a single wisp because he knows that straw is the best soil and crop insurance he can get. Last week W. D. Ellison, hydraulic engineer in the Department of Agriculture, showed me a movie of a hard rain beating against bare soil which proved that a drop of water can splash soil from eight inches to two feet into the air. The effect of billions of drops of water is to move tons of soil downhill.

PLOWLESS farming received a lot of publicity a few years ago when E. H. Faulkner, in his book, *Plowman's Folly,* advocated the use only of the disc harrow. The book sold several hundred thousand copies, and the University of Oklahoma Press almost had to go out of business because it used up its entire paper supply. Everybody became interested in plowing. People who did not know wheat from oats engaged in hot discussions on the subject.

Faulkner attacked the work of the scientists in the Department of Agriculture. They believe that each farm and often each acre must be treated differently and that many different plows and practices are necessary—whereas Faulkner claimed that his disc-harrow method would produce a Garden of Eden. He also claimed that the resources of the soil are almost inexhaustible and that all you have to do is to mix vegetation with the soil to make it rich.

Farmers know that this isn't true. The soil is like a bank account. If you take something out you've got to put it back in or deplete your account. Another error of Faulkner's is that he did not recognize that farmers find it hard to get a good stand when stubble mulching (spreading the stalks and other waste left on harvested land as a ground cover) is used. If trash and vegetation are packed around a seed, it won't sprout; special equipment is often necessary.

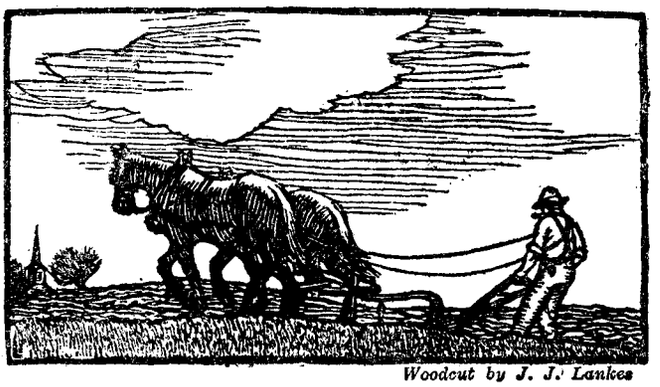
A few years ago I had a chance to try out stubble mulching and found it worked very well on tomatoes but not so well on corn. The soil where the corn was planted was heavily sodded, and stirring the ground with a spring-tooth cultivator didn't kill the strongly rooted grass. I had better luck with the tomatoes. Fortunately I had enough mulch so that I didn't need to cultivate. Contrary to popular opinion, plants in most soils don't need cultivating if you can keep the weeds and grass down.

The problem is to keep the soil in somewhat the same condition as that of the floor of a forest. I accomplished this by applying to the tomatoes a chicken-litter mulch about six inches deep. To check my results, I prepared a similar spot, spaded it deep, standing the soil on its head, put it in tomatoes and kept the ground completely bare. I cultivated this plot frequently, carefully keeping out all grass and weeds.

ON THE mulched plot I didn't pull a weed. I just sat back and let the tomatoes grow. The yield on the mulched patch was 10 bushels; on the cultivated patch it was two bushels, and the quality of the tomatoes from the cultivated vines was vastly inferior.

I'm not saying you can do this every time or in every season and area. But it does indicate that mulching increases production and that moldboard plowing is not necessary if you can control the vegetation. Today thousands of farmers are using stubble mulching of various kinds. In the northern Great Plains and the Pacific Northwest from nine to 13 million acres will be stubble mulched in 1947. Dr. Bennett, who is a prophet with honor in his own country, said once that the moldboard plow would eventually be obsolete. There are signs that his prophecy may come true. The Smithsonian Institution should add the moldboard plow to its exhibits.

ANGUS MCDONALD



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

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Labor

Production, Not Strikes

THE MOST important fact in industrial relations, as of last week, was not the "reasonableness" of the big CIO unions in current negotiations but the "reasonableness" of management.

It had been apparent for weeks that the CIO would not risk major second-round strikes if strikes were avoidable. The unions knew they were entitled to wage increases on the basis of pyramided living costs, and they planned to develop the opportunities opened by the sudden popular recognition that group insurance, welfare funds and similar "fringe" issues fell in the area of sound collective bargaining. But because of their depleted treasuries and congressional hostility, because of the undoubted change in the climate of public opinion, they did not want strikes.

The unanswered question, until about 10 days ago, was whether industry, well aware of the CIO's weak tactical position, would close in for an attempted kill or would give Philip Murray and Walter Reuther a chance at satisfactory settlements. A "Little Steel" official, talking privately to a Washington bigwig, estimated the situation brusquely. "We can do anything we want to the unions," he said. "The question is whether we can restrain our own diehards."

This was an overstatement containing the germ of truth. If the CIO leaders were pushed into an unavoidable fight, they would fight hard. But the signs, in steel, automobile and rubber industries last week, were for peace. Extension of the US Steel and Chrysler contracts, plus the agreement between US Rubber and the United Rubber Workers, plus the settlement of job classifications and back-pay schedules in Big Steel, were evidence that industry as well as labor wanted production instead of the luxury of a fight.

Significantly, both US Rubber and US Steel settlements involved broad areas of industrial relationships rather than rates of pay. This seems to be a dependable indication that at least two major corporation managements are beginning to realize that "labor relations" are human relations and that industrial warfare is caused by grievances, irritations and the workers' sense of injured dignity, as well as by wage demands.

Equally significantly, US Steel last week submitted its counter-proposals to the Steelworkers without disclosing a serious attack on the maintenance-of-membership principle. Government officials a few weeks ago feared a general assault on union-security clauses. But Big Steel, while advocating the open-shop doctrine, apparently has inserted the counter-proposal mainly as a bargaining point. If so, the fact may prove as vital as the original decision of US Steel's financial overlords, in 1937, to recognize the Steelworkers Organizing Committee without forcing a strike.

SOME of the steam went out of the congressional drive for an "independent" government labor-mediation board when the Chamber of Commerce of the United States attacked the plan before the Senate Labor Committee last week.

The proposal for an independent board, replacing the Department of Labor's existing conciliation service, has had a curious history. Such a set-up was supported last year by a majority of the old Senate Education and Labor Committee, which generally opposed drastic anti-labor bills. It was embodied in the Case bill which President Truman vetoed.

The theory behind an independent board, separated from the Labor Department, was that industry would have greater confidence in a board which could not be accused of pro-labor bias by virtue of its departmental affiliation.

The President criticized this feature of the Case bill, remarking that it would virtually set up a duplicate Labor Department. A more basic objection is that, with creation of a hot-shot permanent group of mediators who would be popularly supposed to prevent industrial strife, the wartime tendency of labor and management to run to the government for adjudication of their disputes would be perpetuated. The conciliation service—acting quietly and only by the mutual consent of the disputants, never publicly taking sides or proposing settlement terms—merely assists parties to settle their own conflicts. This was the line of argument the Chamber of Commerce advanced in opposing an independent board. The argument made an impression on the Senate committee.

An independent board, as conclusively demonstrated by National Labor Relations Board history, does not avoid charges of bias merely because it is not identified with the Labor Department.

ZEALOUS Joe Ball, the Minnesota ex-newspaperman who each day seems more obviously infected with the senatorial occupational disease of "statesmanship," completed his personal legislative program on industrial relations with a bill to "amend" the Wagner Act and "put a risk back in striking." This is the fourth measure Ball has sponsored to "restore the balance" to collective bargaining. He seems undisturbed by the fact that none of the bills—not even the relatively mild Ball-Taft-Smith original—is supported by any experienced expert in industrial relations more notable that Gerard Reilly, former NLRB member, whose main contribution was to upset board procedures established in hard fights in the early years of the Wagner Act.

AS THE AFL Executive Council meeting opened in Miami, the usual rumors flew that William Green would step out as president, but the rumors had only a little more apparent substance than in former years. Some day—maybe before this report is printed—Green will quit or be otherwise removed. If it happens this week, according to report, "Big Bill" Hutcheson of the Carpenters' Union might succeed for a short term, to be followed by his formidable but aging ally, John L. Lewis. Or the choice might fall on a dark horse among the AFL's numerous vice-presidents.

WILLARD SHELTON

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Books

Chiang's Anticlimax

TO THE casual reader—if you can imagine a casual reader plowing through such vague, turgid, self-satisfied prose—the almost simultaneous appearance in English of two versions of Chiang Kai-shek's testament, *China's Destiny,* is likely to seem a disappointing anticlimax, indicating once more how a mountain in the Far East can emerge as a molehill in the West. For one thing, the differences in the text of the two editions, the first unauthorized and with an unfriendly introduction and commentary by Philip Jaffe (Roy Publishers, $3.50), the second, with the official translation by Wang Ching-hui and a rather mousey introduction by Lin Yutang (Macmillan, $2.75), while noticeable, hardly seem great enough to warrant the wild scramble between the publishers to beat each other to the market.

The chief reason, however, for the disappointment of the unlikely casual peruser lies in the difference between the dull placidity of the book itself and the Dr. Fu Manchu quality of its history. Written in 1942 and published in Chungking in 1943, *China's Destiny* became a best-seller at home, but by the time the American correspondents became interested in it the Kuomintang was struck with the idea that it was unfit for foreign inspection. Although a million copies were circulated in China, Chiang's government made every effort to keep it from Western eyes; the correspondents were allowed to send out only the most cautious references to it; work was hastily started on a revised edition; the American State Department kept it such a "top secret" that even congressmen weren't allowed to look at our Embassy's translation; and a curious situation arose wherein it was easier to come by a copy of Chiang Kai-shek's reflections on the state of his land in Communist China than in the territory he dominated. Finally, when it became known that the hostile Philip Jaffe was editing an English edition of the work four years after its original appearance, there appears to have been so much consternation in Kuomintang circles that the publishers of the authorized edition were persuaded to advance their publication date twice in the hope of getting it into the bookstores ahead of the unauthorized version.

This secrecy and air of mystery, this dismay at the thought of its being seen by prying American eyes, save under the most friendly auspices and in the most carefully prepared translations of an already revised text, seemed to suggest that the book might be somewhat sensational. Now that the Generalissimo can be read, if you have patience enough, in both a friendly and a hostile edition, it will be seen, no matter which text you place your trust in, that *China's Destiny* is an extremely dull, uninspired and uninspiring document, which contemplates the past, present and future of China in almost shockingly commonplace terms. It is chauvinistic, reactionary, small-minded and smugly convinced that it has summed up the wisdom of the ages—and your first thought is likely to be that if this is the result of the sober, mellow reflections of the great leader of the Chinese people, a statesman, soldier and sage who has sat spiritually at the feet of Confucius and Sun Yat-sen, unhappy China is even more to be sympathized with.

As dull in its ideas, commonplace in its thoughts and feudalistic in its politics as *China's Destiny* is, it would be a grave mistake to underestimate it. There may be nothing sensational in its chauvinism, its anti-foreign bias or its glorification of his country's Confucian past, but the Kuomintang leaders who were worried over the book's effect on the outside world knew what they were about. Certainly there is nothing startling enough in the work to arouse any deep American emotion of hostility or sympathy concerning Chiang. The unpleasant effect for the Kuomintang is of a different and perhaps more subtle nature.

It is probably true that *China's Destiny* was not directly written by the Generalissimo but was ghosted for him by one Tao Hsi-sheng, but there can be no doubt that it reflects Chiang's personality and general mentality, as well as his politics and theories of government and history. And what strikes the reader most lastingly about the book is the barrenness of its ideas and the smallness of its vision. Here is no inspiring democratic leader of a struggling country, with imagination, sympathy and deep understanding. The leader who emerges in *China's Destiny* and *Chinese Economic Theory,* which is included in the unauthorized edition, is a vain and petty man, without any broad concepts of history or politics or

Wang Chie, from Norlipt Gallery
OVERNIGHT WAGON STATION IN NORTH CHINA

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any deep concern with the needs of his people. This is, above all, the book of a politician of small vision and conventional mind. The force and tenacity with which Chiang Kai-shek made himself the acknowledged leader of China and—however he accomplished it—its accepted national head in a glorious stand, single-handed, against Japanese aggression, must always be deeply admired, but that such a man can successfully lead his people to peacetime progress, unity and democracy will seem doubtful to the candid reader of his book.

WHATEVER the weakness, confusion and corruption of modern China, she has a wonderfully dynamic quality which makes even those foreigners who are most critical confess that her future offers the most magnificent possibilities. It is this dynamic aspect of Chinese life which seems most missing from Chiang's book. No one can blame him for looking back with pride on the greatness of his country's past and seeing in it much that must and should be retained for the sake of a brilliant future. But Chiang's Confucianism, his social and agrarian feudalism, his suspicion of foreigners and foreign thought and his apparent conviction that what China needs is not an exciting synthesis of the best of the old and the most hopeful of the new, but a return to a dream past, as impossible as Gandhi's spinning-wheel world or De Valera's Celtic Dawn, are what is disturbing. One of the tragedies of China is that all the force of the Kuomintang's thought-control machinery is being used to push dynamic Chinese youth into such a static mold.

Although the authorized text softens the anti-foreignism of the book, that is not important because there is no reason for us to deny that there is a great deal of truth in the criticism of Western imperialism. If my opinion is that the Jaffe version is of more value to the American reader, it is not because the footnotes and commentary are hostile, since, in truth, they might have been more effective if they labored their case less. It is because Jaffe's comments, partisan as they are, do clarify some of the points that may be vague to all but the specialist in Chinese matters, and *Chinese Economic Theory* gives added value to this depressing study of the great Chiang Kai-shek self-revealed.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Ladies in the Dark

MIXING hazy sociology with dubious psychiatry, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex,* by Ferdinand Lundberg and Dr. Marynia F. Farnham (Harper's, $3.50), expounds the old prejudices about women with glib assurance. In a wordy presentation that is both ponderous and frivolous, the authors develop the theme that "contemporary women in very large numbers are psychologically disordered and that their disorder is having terrible social and personal effects involving men as well as women in all departments of their lives."

Although there is a long bibliography, uncritical and undigested, the authors do not even mention Moebius' classical psychiatric book about women's psychological inferiority. Instead they serve up the same dish, using psychoanalysis as a child uses a knife. It would be difficult to imagine a book more discouraging and confusing to women. The authors conjure with the words "neurotic" and "neuroticism," but fail to bring the shadow of a proof of their allegation that women are more neurotic than men. They pontificate that women are "biochemically, neurologically and psychically" inferior and unable to do really creative work. Anybody who would contradict such assertions, like August Bebel, the venerable fighter for women's democratic rights, they dismiss lightly as "erroneous, liberal and radical."

There is an excess of emotion and extravagance of statement in their whole attitude. They feel that their views about woman's social position have "nothing whatever to do with reactionary or progressive attitudes." But their whole diatribe proves the opposite. Their ignorance of the very real troubles of economically underprivileged women may be genuine, but their upper-class attitude seems spurious. They evidently try to please that part of the public whom they invite to a "three-thousand-dollar" psychoanalysis with the typical argument that an automobile, after all, is only a "psychic stopgap" and costs a lot, too. The unhappiness of women, they feel, is not based on real causes, but is a thing in itself. The authors' horizon does not seem to extend beyond the New York women who can afford expensive doctors. What they fail to see is that not all women with troubles are "ladies in the dark."

One of the greatest abuses of psychiatry nowadays is its use for the masking of social problems as emotional disorders. The authors of this book actually state in their critique of a study on the declining birth rate that they would accept it "with the change of a word—*social* to *emotional*" (their italics). But should not the function of psychiatry be to face problems instead of to evade them? In a typical sentence they say: "Somewhere, in some way, something must be seriously out of gear." That may be so. But I doubt whether it is just the women and just emotional and neurotic.

THE authors must have strange images of sex in their minds (their unconscious minds, of course). For example, they write: "Man stood alone in the universe, but he was equipped with a godlike phallus: reason." Even fancier, "What but the greatest orgasm ever seen on earth was the atomic-bomb explosion?" (This would seem contradicted by their later statement that the twentieth century is the "Century of the Failing Orgasm.") Their ideas of economics are less poetic but equally odd: "The gaining of a livelihood, *per se,* has usually been relatively easy"; or, "People today have more bread available to them, and more cheaply, than they ever had before."

What strikes me most about *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex,* is its cruelty. After all, most of what we know about women and their share of the suffering in the world is universally human and not specifically female. This book dehumanizes the whole question and treats women in a way that is belittling, unfair and fundamentally untrue. Its central fault is a total lack of social imagination.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

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Home-grown Axis

IT IS a mistake to think of Colonel McCormick, the late Joseph Patterson and Cissy Patterson as fascists. John Tebbel's *An American Dynasty* (Doubleday, $3), a study of the family that rules the Chicago-New York-Washington axis of isolationist journalism, makes that clear. Colonel McCormick, whom Tebbel found so fascinating that he let him eat up most of his space, does not at all fit into neo-fascism. He is rather a reincarnation of his physical and journalistic ancestor, Joe Medill, a modernized reflection of a proud medieval baron.

This is a first-rate book on the McCormicks and Pattersons. Tebbel writes temperately, factually and responsibly, yet has the courage to draw the damning conclusion justified by the facts—namely, that McCormick is just about everything his enemies say he is.

Of all the explanations of the man, none fits so well as the simple one implicit in this account. Tebbel shows McCormick as a man who is torn by conflicting inner pressures, a lonely and isolated figure with little genuine feeling for people or the world or the meaning of history. He possesses undoubted business talent and the capacity to preside proudly over a commercially successful enterprise. This gives him the opportunity to pose as a profound student, a scholar, an editorial genius inhabiting a lonely mountain of wisdom. Because people generally are so prone to take a man at his own valuation, McCormick's self-estimate tends to become the accepted one; whereupon, seeing the conclusions he arrives at, the observer is baffled to explain him.

The truth, as Tebbel sees it, is that McCormick sits at the controls of a mighty engine of fact-gathering, and remains wholly impervious to the facts. He vests himself in the trappings of thought, and thinks with his spinal cord. He parades as rational behavior of an individualistic sort what is really the erratic unpredictability of a colossal ego driven by a terrific inner compulsion to justify itself to an unfriendly world.

Tebbel draws a full-length portrait of the Colonel, in which the psychological sleuth can trace some characteristics to Medill, some to boyhood rejection at the hands of English schoolmates, others to the loneliness of an unhappy young rich man who found his satisfactions in isolation, temperamental and political, and in the conscious imitation of his ancestor. There are pen sketches of Captain Patterson and Cissy, a history of the two families and a highly readable account of the *Tribune's* development. It is not generally known that the *Tribune* almost became a different kind of newspaper. McCormick snatched it from the professional guidance of James Keeley, so the legend goes, by appearing before the family directorate in cutaway and striped trousers, and persuading them by the sheer force of oratory to let Patterson and himself take over.

Tebbel's conclusion is that in McCormick and Cissy, and to a lesser degree in Captain Patterson, we witness the exercise of great power by persons basically unfitted to wield it, together with the ultimate sanction of their position by a society which accepts commercial success as the measure of achievement.

ROBERT LASCH

THE NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO AXIS

The Economic Woodchuck

I HOPE I shall not be thought disrespectful of Alvin H. Hansen, one of the keenest economic minds of our time, because he often reminds me, in his attack on unemployment, of a terrier after a woodchuck. I have the greatest respect for the terrier. He is energetic, practical and goes straight to the point. When following a trail he rapidly sniffs and discards one false lead after another. When he has the woodchuck holed up, he furiously scratches up small mountains of statistical dirt. Unfortunately, however, the woodchuck always has two doorways to his abode, and when the terrier is busiest at one of them the woodchuck may sneak out of the other. I can't escape the feeling that unemployment may in the same way evade Professor Hansen.

His *Economic Policy and Full Employment* (Whittlesey, $4) is a further elaboration of the now almost universally accepted truth that there will be needless unemployment unless total spending is adequate, without being too great. It shows how the accounting of the national income works out in double-entry bookkeeping. It discusses in a good deal of detail the numerous methods proposed to increase or decrease total spending, some

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of which the author approves and some of which he thinks inappropriate. Government, when depression threatens, ought to increase its spending on public works and reduce taxes. It ought to bulwark the purchasing power of consumers by an extensive system of social security. At the same time it ought to encourage long-term expansion by a great developmental program of housing, slum clearance and regional planning. For good measure he throws in brief sections on what is being done in Canada, Britain and Sweden, on the Employment Act of 1946 in the United States, his comments on a dozen other related matters, his reviews of Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* and Wallace's *Sixty Million Jobs,* which appeared in the *New Republic,* and his answer to Terborgh's attack on his theory that the United States is threatened by economic maturity.

My misgivings about the effectiveness of this admirable program, assuming it could be put into effect and reasonably well managed, arise from reflections about what private enterprise might be doing about prices, production and wages at the same time. That is the back exit of the woodchuck hole. Spend as much as you like, and it will buy no more employment if prices go up correspondingly and production is restricted. And there is much to be learned about maintaining a tenable balance between wages and prices. Hansen admits the difficulty, and asserts that no adherent of a compensated economy overlooks it. He discusses intelligently the relationship of wages and prices, and recommends a strong anti-trust policy. But the compensatory-spending school has not indicated in sufficient detail how, in a private-enterprise economy, these important factors can be kept in line. We have had trust-busting for at least a half-century, and industrial concentration is greater than ever. It is interesting, too, to compare Hansen's pre-1946 remarks about the ease of preventing postwar inflation with what actually has happened. He was theoretically right, but our society just did not act that way.

The success of the compensatory-spending program ultimately depends on the willing coöperation of big business, big farmers' organizations and big unions in acting, not for their immediate and particular interests, but for the interest of all. Is it in the nature of pressure groups to behave in this way? If not, how can they be induced, or cajoled, or compelled, to do so? This, it seems to me, is the next point of attack for those who wish to prevent unemployment while at the same time preserving private enterprise.

GEORGE SOULE

Crime and Punishment

Away Went the Little Fish, by Margot Bennett (Crime Club, $2). John Davies, amateur detective and unwilling detainee of the War Ministry, is waiting out his discharge in a typical English small town. He is expiring of boredom in Wetherfold when murder strikes a fellow roomer at the house where he is billeted. Davies fumbles around in his engaging way, turning up some odd types, and finally blunders into a very neat solution of the crime. Another pleasant and discursive exercise by the author of *Time to Change Hats.*

Murder Miscellany. – In *The Lady Forgot,* by Margaret S. Marble (Harpers, $2.50), Andrea Hilton, who is undergoing psychoanalysis, is found unconscious in the apartment of her lover. He has been shot to death, but she remembers nothing of the murder. Acquitted of the crime, Andrea's search for the truth, helped by her analyst, makes an absorbing adventure into the mind as well as a clever detective story. Anthony Gilbert and his unorthodox but effective Mr. Crook turn up in excellent form in *The Black Stage* (Smith and Durrell, $2), wherein Crook not only has to prove that Anne Vereker didn't murder her wealthy aunt's lover, but who did. A first novel by Henry Kane, *A Halo for Nobody* (Simon and Schuster, $2), introduces super-sleuth Peter Chambers in a viciously sophisticated tale of the near-society set. Echoes of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler almost drown out the screams of the assorted creeps who bite the dust.

E.H.

Music

Opera at Home

An answer to the problem of American opera is provided by the success of the musical version of Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" and the simultaneous débacle of "The Warrior" at the Metropolitan. "Street Scene" means something to an American audience, whereas "The Warrior" does not. Here are no cardboard Delilah and elocutionary Samson, no pseudo-Elizabethan poetry, no musical imitation of Alban Berg, no staging reminiscent of a Handel revival in Göttingen in the 1920's. Oddly enough, it is a German-born composer, Kurt Weill, who recognizes that it is as creditable for American operatic music to depend upon a familiar popular musical idiom as it was for Massenet to write music the French could readily enjoy, or for Lortzing to base his style on accepted resources of German light music.

Judged by absolute standards, "Street Scene" is probably no classic. But Weill's music, in happy companionship with Langston Hughes's lyrics, transforms an everyday vocabulary into more elevated expression, and the result is often touching or stirring. In the present production at the Adelphi Theatre the spontaneity of music and lyrics is enhanced by judicious trimming and deflation of the play, skilled and economical stage direction, more than adequate acting, really beautiful singing (especially by Polyna Stoska), and, dominating the whole, Jo Mielziner's atmospheric tenement setting. The ultimate judgment of posterity is no more to the point now than it was for Mozart when he wrote "The Marriage of Figaro" for production in Prague, and set people to whistling its tunes on the street. But upon the evidence of "Street Scene" and "Porgy and Bess," the future of our lyric theatre lies outside the Metropolitan's dark shadow.

Perhaps the destiny which overtook Grace Moore was a compassionate one. For her, life was unimaginable ex-

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cept in terms of positive action and continual growth; she would have refused indefinitely to believe the hard truth that her singing was no longer all it had been.

Nature gave her boundless energy and a warm, ample voice, and she kept on learning and improving until a year or two ago, when singing first became a noticeable effort for her. Although she hated to hear a single adverse remark, particularly from a critic, she never pretended to herself that she was either a completely schooled vocalist or an entirely assured actress.

When she was preparing a new operatic part, her driving need to overcome her inadequacies was a fierce thing to behold, for the demands of opera aroused a deep respect in her, and even a certain sense of humility. In 1940 in Chicago, when she sang the role of Fiora in Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" for the first time anywhere, I objected in the next morning's paper to the irrelevance of some of her motions in parts of the tortured second-act love scene. At eight o'clock she routed me out of my Sunday-morning sleep with a telephone call. "Come to the Drake Hotel right away and show me what you mean," she commanded. Obediently I hastened over, and for more than an hour we argued the relation of music, text and action in passage after passage, before she could relax enough to suggest a cup of coffee.

It was mainly this reckless, burning intensity that kept her in the top rank of her profession. Because she never wanted to withhold anything from her audience, it took her years to realize, as she eventually did, that a singer must achieve repose and quietness as a foil for the big exciting moments. The last time I heard her in recital she sang Debussy's "La Chevelure" with even more poignant understatement than Maggie Teyte.

Through Grace Moore's death we have lost a zestful and tempestuous personality. If a small part of her electric enthusiasm could charge some of the more careful and more exacting vocalists now coming into prominence, the art of singing might regain much of its onetime vitality. CECIL SMITH

This was not an accident

Any newspaper *should* be proud of such reader response. It is tangible proof of reader loyalty —and it is easily explained.

PM readers *know* that PM wants to get and does get the stories behind the headlines—and presents those stories as only a liberal and progressive newspaper can. PM readers also know a good cause and an honest appeal when they see one. That is why they came through so generously. But as any reader will tell you, PM features more than the news that is most important — every day. It supplements that news with background and related information which makes the issues and forces crystal clear. The commentators who do this job are men of wide experience and national reputation. They include:

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FRANK SULLIVAN — New York World Alumnus whose humorous sidelights on the passing scene delight PM's Sunday readers.

F. H. LAGUARDIA—former mayor of New York and UNRRA's last director general who writes Sundays as he chooses—of New York, national politics or world affairs.

PM's Appeal Gets $210,000, Saves Hospital

This ought to be called "How a Little Newspaper Saved a Big Hospital," the newspaper being New York's *PM* and the hospital Sydenham, the country's only inter-racial voluntary hospital.

Faced with the alternative of raising $300,000 or closing down, Sydenham, which serves the 500,000 people of Harlem, appealed to PM for help, and PM picked up the ball.

Between Thanksgiving Day, when the first story about Sydenham appeared in PM, and New Year's Day, 10,000 letters had come in from PM's readers, all containing money ranging from crumpled dollar bills to checks up to $1,000. Many letters, while signed by individuals, stated that the attached checks represented two to fifty persons.

As for money, PM's readers dug down for about $210,000 of the $275,000 raised by the first of the year, and the balance of the contributions was directly attributable to PM's appeal.

What's particularly unusual about the story is that PM went about the campaign with only a direct appeal to its readers—no gimmicks, no parties, no luncheons, no rallies with big names.

Sydenham is in Harlem, and its staff of Negro and white physicians, nurses, technicians and general employes ministers to patients of all races and creeds. The slogan is: Pain knows no color.

Three days before Thanksgiving, Sydenham's future seemed bleak. It had been struggling along under a $300,000 deficit, left in great part as an inheritance from the previous administration before it became an inter-racial hospital. It looked like the jig was up. The ambulance service was to be closed down, and next to go were to be part of the wards, the clinics and the emergency service.

In desperation, Director David M. Dorin called up PM Reporter Gene DePoris and put his cards on the table. He said the Sydenham would be finished unless the hospital could get some money—but quickly.

DePoris discussed Sydenham's plight with PM Editor John P. Lewis, who decided to open up with both barrels to get the hospital over the hump.....

EDITOR & PUBLISHER
JAN., 4 '47

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Theatre

Good Occasion

"ALL MY SONS," at the Coronet Theatre —the old Forrest—brings a good new note into the season. This play by Arthur Miller is his second to be produced; the first was "The Man Who Had All the Luck," in 1944. "All My Sons" is a serious drama, on its technical side in the Ibsen tradition, I suppose we may say, though that is intended to indicate only the general school rather than any imitation. It has a genuine story, a good moral basis in the theme, a good variety of characters, well drawn, and offers an usually rewarding vehicle for the acting and the directing.

The events of the play all take place in the backyard of the Keller home, on the outskirts of an American town. The time is ten o'clock Sunday morning, twilight that same day, and then two o'clock in the morning. There are the neighbors, of course, but the situation deals with Joe Keller, a manufacturer who had sold defective airplane parts to the government and thereby caused the death of a number of men. He had also contrived to shift punishment to a helpless associate, who is still in the penitentiary. One of Keller's two sons has been lost; one has returned home. The mother refuses to believe the other son dead. The dead boy's fiancée is now in love with the brother. The story is too complicated to set down here, but it ends with the son's repudiation of his father and his father's money, the mother's learning for certain that the other son is dead, and the father's shooting himself.

Meanwhile the theme—the moral responsibility involved—has been developed, the ramifications and evil and personal disasters that from this one man's act spread out through every character of the scene and far beyond out over the world. The writing in many of the situations in "All My Sons" has real feeling and an admirable, and often moving, realization of the dramatist's motivations, or themes.

The directing by Elia Kazan is in the field of naturalism, where his best talent lies, and is notable. He has done wonders for the thematic and the human values of the play.

THANKS partly to the actors, partly to the directing, the performances given the several characters—ten in all —are in the main unusually good: the leading characters are good and more; and the ensemble playing is subtly alive and accurate. Director and actors have to struggle at times with the play itself, a number of whose motivations are not worked out as clearly as they need to be.

Arthur Kennedy, as Keller's son, gave a concentrated and sensitive performance, and Ed Begley, as Keller, was entirely convincing in getting over the character's confused, dogged and passionate emotions. Karl Malden, as the son of the wronged man, carried off very movingly his part in the most difficult scene in the play, where the Kellers are trying to persuade him to stay on with them. The part of the dead son's fiancée is well done by Lois Wheeler, whose performance in the ill starred "Trio" two seasons back showed her to be a promising young player.

Beth Merrill, in the highly complex and very well written part of the neurotic, dominating mother, gives what is easily one of the best performances of this or any season. Her complete conception, or unity, within the character, her elusive technical expertness and her power to convey the great variety of emotions given to the role are truly something to think about. It is one of those rare performances that, no matter how much you admire them at the time, come to you only afterwards in their full excellence.

The scenery, by Mordecai Gorelik, was doubtless intended to express the idea that these were little, grubby people who had made some money and were still rather grubby. That, somewhat more accentuated, would be all right. Otherwise the ugly scene did not convince either as rich, attractive or neatly rising in the world.

STARK YOUNG

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Movies

Little People and Heels

AMONG their more enviable traits, the English have always had a gift for writing about their country with a dedicated devotion unequaled even by the Irish, and in our day Noel Coward's voice has often led the happy choir. Currently he is singing out in "This Happy Breed," a film scheduled to get an awed ballyhoo it could do better without. It is not, despite the underlying emotion, another "Cavalcade" or another "In Which We Serve." It is a little picture about little people, a tender work in which, with compassion, you follow the lives of a middle-class British family through a span of twenty years.

"This Happy Breed" brings you face to face with the idea of faith, for it looms and looms through the quiet action. It is the blind kind that seems to see people through the otherwise intolerable difficulties of their lives, and that wins—and loses—wars. Coward has an abundance of this faith in his country and, being an artist of perception, knows how to convey it. He records (in a color process softer than ours and easier to watch) episodes and scenes in the lives of a husband and wife who, in the high respectability of their class, do the best they can with what they have. Some posters, some crowds, an occasional headline and some trenches dug in a park identify the story with our time. But what is really said about the period between the last two wars could be said at any time about any worthy family's twenty years.

This saga is about the Gibbons family, and Celia Johnson, who recently played in Coward's "Brief Encounter," is the wife. She probably is, as the ads say, the best actress of the past year, but she is beginning to lean on that fact a little. Robert Newton, who has distinguished himself in several plays and movies but hasn't had Celia Johnson's luck, plays the husband, Frank Gibbons. There is a very satisfying scene in which Gibbons is saying goodbye to his lifelong crony, Bob Mitchell, who is acted convincingly by Stanley Holloway. Over their pinch-bottle they fondly reminisce. They don't feel bitter or cheated about what has happened to them. Yet when Mitchell asks Gibbons if he would live the years over again if he could, Gibbons says, "No." Some times in a movie I see a facsimile, an imitation of life, in a scene like this and I could cheer.

There are great flaws in the conception and writing of the character of Queenie, the important daughter of the family. Kay Walsh, who plays her, isn't, I decided, good in the part because it is a phony part: the only glaring ineptness in the picture. It is impossible for me to believe that the pretty, spoiled, selfish Gibbons girl—who consistently rebels against her family and the nice young man who is always in love with her—can run away with a married man, be deserted by him "on the Continent" immediately afterwards, spend several years in abject virtue and poverty and *then* marry the boy who's bored her all her life. It doesn't wash. "This Happy Breed" is a lovely title which Noel Coward might also have used ironically. The silver sea that defended the house of England, as a moat, or even as a wall, didn't help much in 1940.

THE story about the irresistible rotter, who wrecks the lives of all who love him, who is instinctively full of animal courage and dies saving a better life than his own, is an old one and will be around as long as the dazed look that precedes the first kiss. It is a good story that can, and has, been told with infinite variations: Alfred Hitchcock did it with great skill in "Shadow of a Doubt"; Gilbert Emery wrote a play about a good-for-nothing-but-valor soldier in the First World War that, I hear, tore the audience apart. This was "The Hero," from which a picture, "Swell Guy," has been made by Mark Hellinger.

"Swell Guy" is carefully produced

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with a good cast. Sonny Tufts as a heel, for instance, is inspired casting. The picture, nevertheless, is fatally unconvincing. The character has been made into a correspondent, who, the minute he gets off the train in his home town, finds the barman—brilliantly played by Millard Mitchell—who tips him off on the gambling situation and the suckers to be had locally. Tufts starts a one-man campaign to dazzle and exploit the inhabitants. He busily cheats and steals and seduces women. He is given his due—that is, despised—only by his mother (played by Mary Nash), which is a refreshing twist. This mountebank has no consideration for anybody but his young nephew. To save the kid, Sonny dies. I didn't care.

THE kisses in "Dead Reckoning" are, as usual, "long, strong and consecutive." Half of this picture with Humphrey Bogart is good, exciting stuff. The second half is so corny that the people watching it often howl in derisive glee. "Dead Reckoning"—a title that has little to do with the film—started out to be a tough, realistic script about a man determined to avenge the murder of his friend. He gets double-crossed by the same crowd that does his pal in. The idea might have worked out just fine, but it didn't. Sometimes the writing and sometimes John Cromwell's direction get laughs where there should be hot and cold flashes. Lizabeth Scott, who plays the dame, differs from her predecessors in similar roles only in that she seems to have a flatter nose and may possibly be a few inches taller. Should she become a noticeable trend—and stranger things have happened—I can visualize our desperate adolescents going after their faces with mallets. These husky-voiced girls all exhale huge lungsful of smoke and, at the first doomed meeting, look at Bogart as if to say, "I've been up later than *this*." Sooner or later, the difficulty of telling these iron maidens apart is going to come up. Bogart knows all there is to know about movie acting. He never makes a wrong or an unnecessary move. He can be truly charming, as well as disillusioned and hard, and make me believe it. I think the next time he looks at a scenario that isn't good enough for him, he should snarl for a better deal. SHIRLEY O'HARA

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Correspondence

Off the Record

SIR: I was rather shocked to note that the article "The CIO Meets" (the *New Republic*, December 2) makes direct reference to me in my official capacity in the Department of Labor without having previously obtained my consent or having previously cleared with me as to the veracity of the remarks allegedly ascribed to me by your *nameless* correspondent.

For your information, I did not discuss the CIO convention officially or unofficially with any reporter or correspondent, and in view of the fact that the mentioning of my name in your article raises a question of personal ethics, both as a civil servant and as a guest of the CIO, I must insist on your telling your readers (1) that the references made to my remarks were published without my consent or knowledge; and (2) that my so-called "musing aloud" was in reality a free interpretation of a private conversation, only fragments of which must have been overheard by your correspondent.

BORIS STERN, Chief,
Industrial Relations
Washington, D. C. Branch

Full Circle

SIR: In addition to his regular duties, Domenicus, my butler, keeps me posted on current events and economic trends. While I was resting in my easy chair this noon, after my breakfast, he read to me a bright saying of Mr. Billy Rose (the *NR*, December 30): "A year's uninterrupted turning of the wheels that ground Hitler to bits will produce a flood of goods such as the world has never seen." Domenicus expected me to find some fault with this bold proclamation, but I found it to be a beautiful sentiment, 100-percent American and clothed in the faultless diction of a cultured man.

"The diction is O. K.," Domenicus admitted, "but the statement isn't true; 83.79 percent of the hamburger made of Hitlerism came out of the Soviet grinders."

"Why bring that up?" I protested. "That doesn't disprove that we have the best grinders in the world."

"I am not questioning the superiority of our industry," retorted Domenicus, "but I cannot second the noble emotion of Mr. Rose; because the UNINTERRUPTED TURNING OF OUR VERY EFFICIENT WHEELS leads us directly back to our old prewar Hoover depression and not to prosperity as he would have us believe. . . ."

"Domenicus! You talk like Joseph of Egypt. You must have had a prophetic dream."

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"You will soon find out whether it's a eam, sir. Just you wait till our ware-uses get stuffed to capacity with goods d goodies, wait till our workers and asants become uneasy concerning their sy-payment obligations and their mort-ges."

appoose, Ore. VINCENT NOGA

ostscript to Chicago

R: As long-time subscribers to the *New epublic* and as ones who will doubtless subscribers as long as Henry Wallace mains the editor, we wish to register a ipe against your Chicago source of in-rmation.

In the December 23 issue (page 850, nder the caption, "Powder Keg") the atement is made that "A crowd of 100 hite neighbors, *including four ministers,* urled rocks and clods of dirt at the ioners." Now, there may have been min-ters in the crowd but if there were, it is ews to all of us who were on the scene. We did see a rabbi, two priests and five ministers on the side of the Negro veterans who were moving into the housing projects. Those morally courageous men of the church aren't encouraged by such erroneous reporting.

Again, in the December 30 issue (page 894, "Chicago's Mayor"), there is the statement, "The Democratic boss, Mayor Edward J. Kelly, chose Martin H. Kennelly, a generous campaign contributor, as his nominee." Most people of our acquaintance do not subscribe to the view that Kelly handpicked Kennelly. As head of the Democratic organization, Kelly does back Kennelly (as do Paul Douglas, the Chicago *Sun* and a host of decent, liberal citizens). But to imply, as your reporter does, that Kennelly was thrust upon the people as the other candidate—Root—was, is to give a slant on Kennelly which few liberal people would subscribe to.

WANDA T. and RUSSELL B. BABCOCK
Chicago, Ill.

New Republic News

On Their Minds

IN a kind of "do-not-open-before" spirit, we've been picking here and here the past week into the entries in he GI short-story contest which (as we write) will close in just six hours.

From a volume point of view, the contest has been an unquestionable success: we've received a few more than 1,500 entries—from every state in the Union, from Paris, Zurich, Honolulu and Alaska. A number of energetic contestants have sent in two, three or four stories, and the top scorer for quantity is a chap who submitted 10. The modest couple of file cases we set aside to handle the job are bulging, buckling and ludicrously overflowing.

Quantity aside, though, we're snooping more for subject matter right now; this being an obvious chance to find out what the returning GI has on his mind. We pick up a clutch of manuscripts at random, and this is what we find: a college football story with a Negro-discrimination angle; a realistic vignette from the Western Front; a Pacific navy yarn that blends poetry and sex; a story of domestic life with a Jewish-problem slant; a back-from-the-wars disillusion tale; a straight crook melodrama; an editorial on the merits of a third party (this fellow sort of misunderstood the idea); an episode from Occupied Germany with again a special Jewish angle; a Negro folktale with a brutal race-hate climax; a moral soliloquy on a troopship; a eulogy on a female roach; a letter to a dead husband; a couple of British kids waiting for a Yank plane that never comes back to base; a tragedy involving a geisha girl and a Nisei; another melodrama; and then two short stories on the housing problem and two more on the disillusion of homecoming.

The quality of these manuscripts—on a quick first glance—ranges from obvious high competence to a rather touching amateurism, but, save for a few exceptions, they have in common a notable seriousness. This may be because (God help us) the *New Republic* is typed as a furrow-browed journal and the boys and girls think they should brush their hair before they come in. Or—and we think it's at least as much this—it may be because this crowd has done a lot of traveling in the past few years and has had time to think as the miles ticked off.

Patience, contestants, for the results; there's a lot of paper to be turned over.

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Letter of the Week

(*Continued from page 3*)

few things which could be slightly effective *at the moment*, Japan is in no imminent danger of becoming a democracy. If it were, Premier Shigeru Yoshida would not have dared—in his New Year's broadcast to the nation—to insult the forces of the Left by dubbing a group of Japanese trade-union leaders as "lawless elements"—a smear for which the Japanese CIO and the State Railway Workers demanded a public apology.

An economic crisis is approaching, but not because of the projected economic purge. Economic distress and inflation had been increasing for months before the purge was announced; months during which the Japanese now threatened were in control. Nor are the "radicals and incompetents" around MacArthur to blame. The General has himself ruled upon every major reform introduced so far—and the Japanese government and business circles have made deliberate and often successful efforts to sabotage his intentions.

THE real evil of this occupation to date lies in the fact that certain fundamental conditions had first to be achieved if the MacArthur reforms were to be made fully effective. These conditions have not been attained. Nevertheless, it remains true that any good that has been accomplished has been carried out by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers—*not* by the Japanese ruling group. The truth is that independent observers are becoming steadily more pessimistic. To achieve the results we originally sought, purges should have been but one phase of a dual process—the elimination of "undesirable" elements from public and key offices, and the taking of simultaneous steps to build up and strengthen the democratic forces taking over in their stead.

The MacArthur regime, by attempting the first operation while shying like a startled colt from the second, is creating a vacuum. The end product of that policy threatens to be a steady stream of recruits to the reactionary forces in Japan without any corresponding reinforcement of numbers or power for their democratic adversaries.

If the anti-purge Yoshida government does get around to purging tens of thousands of its staunchest supporters, it will be because the patient reactionary strategists have glimpsed one obvious fact: purge long enough and hard enough and you will create the big battalions of "dispossessed persons" that will make the chances of a successful postwar occupation comeback look rosy.

The spectacle of General MacArthur in the role of recruiting sergeant for the ultra-nationalists and "double patriots" is disturbing—one suspects to MacArthur himself as well as to others. It has caused many here to wish Jim Farley or some political strategist schooled in Chicago could be imported to look the bailiwick over and tell the caliphs of GHQ the score.

THE pattern of things to come in Japan takes shape. There has been no political revolution, and there will be none. The chance of injecting the virus of democracy has been bungled.

In short, this is the "Weimar Republic" era of Japanese history. All the faults and failings and frustrations and deliberately engineered crises and grievances and shortcomings of the occupation period are going to be blamed not upon the sabotaging reactionaries responsible, but on those dreadful "radicals"—Japanese and American. Then, at the right time, the reactionaries who bankrupted Japan behind a façade of democracy will cry: "Had enough democracy? Vote for your old tried friends and two sacks of rice in every kitchen!"

And Suzuki-San and his wife, long schooled in the philosophy that gentlemen know best and that the Japanese masses should be seen and not heard from, will queue up to vote for the "Progressives" who hate progress, and for the liberals who fear liberalism as a plague. And that will be that.

Tokyo HESSELL TILTMAN

Hessell Tiltman, the author of several books on the Far East, covered the Orient before the Pacific war and served as a war correspondent in China in 1937 and 1938. He has been in Japan for more than a year.

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Anguish in Hollywood

Dane Clark looking very worried at Warners. So would you be if your tax expert suddenly told you that your income-tax payments were trebled. "And I haven't any money," moans Dane, "because I've just bought a new bar, and my house is a terrific drain on me, and I really went overboard on Christmas presents." – *From Sheilah Graham's column in the Chicago* Daily News.

Due Process

Later, speaking for newsreel cameramen and the radio, Talmadge reiterated his willingness to abide by rulings of the courts but again insisted he was certain they had no jurisdiction. – *From the Albany (Georgia)* Herald.

Brotherhood-of-Man Department

Six hundred and sixty Jews who took refuge in Sweden during the war left today aboard the small Honduran ship *Ulua* for Cuba. The ship is so small that Sweden was unwilling to let her sail, and said she would not have been allowed to leave if the passengers had been Swedish. – *From the New York* Times.

Contribution

Anton J. Carlson, professor emeritus of the University of Chicago and president of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, told the Chicago Institute of Medicine that almost nothing is known about alcoholism except that some people like liquor better than others. – *From* PM.

The UN in Connecticut

To a distinctive household which demands gracious living, this old-world group of trained servitors is now available: English butler, Russian chef, Swedish upstairs maid, Irish parlor maid, English chauffeur-gardener, Belgian groomitan-whip. Can be engaged only as a unit. – *Advertisement in the Ridgefield (Conn.)* Press.

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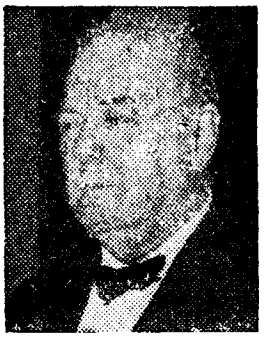
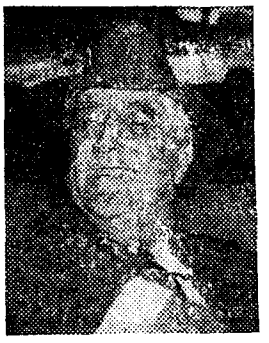


"Our hearts all go out to gallant Greece. . . . The sufferings of Greece are terrible."
WINSTON CHURCHILL
February 3, 1943

"We, Americans, have an abiding obligation to this country which fought so ably and remains today as an outpost of Western democracy."
HERBERT HOOVER
December 6, 1946

"The heroic sufferings of the Greek people during the war years is admired by every American who appreciates courage and fortitude."
HARRY S. TRUMAN
October 17, 1946



"Four years is a long time to starve and die, to see children massacred, to watch villages burn to rubble and ashes."
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
October 12, 1944

"At a most critical hour before some of us realized our own peril, that small but great nation resisted with matchless valor the full might of the European Axis. I shall never forget how we then waited for news from Greece. With courage her people have ever shown, she held the Italian and German armies and gained valuable time for our other Allies . . . we should not forget our debt to the people of Greece."
JAMES BYRNES, August 15, 1946

The case of the Greek people is an appeal to the American principle of fair play.

In the years since the fighting ended we have treated generously our former enemies, most of our former Allies and even some of our lukewarm friends who did no fighting. Specific comparisons would be ungracious. Greece at no time during the fighting or afterwards received any appreciable Lend-Lease Aid. The American Army did not go to Greece, so no economic benefit came from that source, as it came to some countries. The Greeks are grateful for the measured help they have received, especially through UNRRA, which now is closing up. But no one has pretended that Greece has received either what she deserved nor what she needed.

What they ask of *us*, who are secure and confident in our strength, is to give them assistance. Praise is not what they ask of us, neither our pity. They do not want us to feel sorry for them. They seek our economic assistance. With our assistance, they will face the tremendous task of rebuilding their nation with the matchless bravery of their heritage.

We should never forget them!

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